

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

MARCH 1950

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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

IN the Bible Amos (6:1, 4) spoke: "Woe to them that are at ease . . . that lie upon beds of ivory." Modern archaeologists have found carved ivory ornaments at Samaria which is one place where Amos preached. The ivory inlay of the ceremonial bed of Hazael, the king of Damascus, at the time of Elisha, shows what Amos meant.

An electric-powered deodorizer has been developed which uses dry cakes. It is designed to scent any place where odors need treatment. Its small size, seven by four and one-half inches, makes it suitable also for the home.

As a substitute for soap in some parts of America the berries of *Sapindus saponaria* (soapberry) are used, while the bulb of *Chlorogallum pomeridianum* and the berries of *Limonia acidissima* are similarly used in California and Japan.

DR. GERARD P. KUIPER of the University of Chicago has a new hypothesis on the origin of the solar system. This new theory has the sun condensing from a vast rotating cloud of interstellar dust many years ago. The balance of the cloud kept spinning around the sun faster and faster until it shrank and flattened into a relatively dense ring of solid particles, finally breaking into eddies which fused into planets. There was an accumulation and fusion of cold particles instead of the hot gases of some theories.

DR. CLARENCE A. MILLS has pointed out that livestock do not develop as rapidly when it is difficult for them to get rid of their body heat. To raise a steer to the choice one thousand pound slaughter-size in Iowa or Illinois takes twelve to fifteen months, but two and one-half to three years in Louisiana and four to five years in Cuba, Panama, or Colombia. This is the maximum size in tropical heat, but in Iowa or Illinois the steer will grow to double this weight. Hogs take fifteen months in Panama to reach the two hundred pound slaughter-size which in Iowa would only take six to seven months.

MARCH 1950



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REVERSAL IN ASIA

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah

THE Chinese Empire was closed to foreigners until 1842. The "opening" of China, first to commercial intercourse, then to western penetration, came in that year by British cannon fire. Portugal (1516), Spain (1575), Holland (1604), England (1637), the Americas (1784), had previously come by water to gain entrance. Russia, by land, made the first modern treaty with China, the Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, regulating affairs at their common frontier in north-central Asia. Because of the insistence of the western traders, Chinese officials came to believe that the peoples of the outside world were dependent on China. Even in later years of the nineteenth century, proud ambassadors of Queen Victoria were escorted in formal processions to Peking, accompanied by banners containing Chinese inscriptions. One such proud diplomat upon arrival exclaimed to his aide that it was "most fitting and appropriate" for the Chinese so to acknowledge the greatness and dignity of the British race. Imagine his consternation when his aide explained that the banners preceding Her Majesty's plenipotentiary contained the legend: "Ignorant barbarian comes to pay tribute to the Emperor."

By 1895 European nations—British, French, German, Russian, Dutch, Portuguese—had so penetrated China that her sovereignty had been virtually replaced by that of the European powers in their respective zones and spheres of influence. The U.S. had no such zone or sphere, but was mightily interested in maintaining U.S. trade privileges. This led to the issuance of the famous "Open-door" notes by American Secretary of State John Hay in 1899. The Americans by that year had become a Pacific-Asiatic power by dint of "opening" Japan (Commodore Perry steamed into Yokohama Bay, July 3, 1853), and by the acquisition of Guam and the Philippine Islands from Spain. Out of these circumstances crystallized the U.S. policy of insisting upon the "territorial integrity of China."

The same year, 1899,

saw organized Chinese reaction (the Boxer rebellion) to European inroads. (The "boxers" were so-called in English because their Chinese name of a patriotic society was translated as "the Society of Harmonious Fists.") At long last the Chinese were awakening to the fact that they had been reduced to a position of subordination to foreigners. The Boxer uprising was put down by European and American troops, but Chinese nationalism re-expressed itself in the great revolution of 1911, dethroning the Manchu dynasty whose sovereignty had slowly been eaten away by European powers since 1842.

Since 1911 China has been struggling to find herself and reorient her political life in a Europeanized world. In 1915, after previous success in Korea, while the European states were locked in world war, Japan made "twenty-one demands" on China which were partially recognized by the U.S. in the Lansing-Ishii agreements of 1917. However, the ending of war demonstrated that Japanese hegemony in Asia was undesirable to the U.S., so the Washington conferences of 1921-22 attempted to undo the Lansing-Ishii agreements, force Japan from a dominant to a comparable role, while at the same time recognizing Japanese "primary interests" in her Asiatic neighborhood. Also revived and insisted upon was the "territorial integrity of China"—which to us meant Japanese withdrawal from Shantung province and other regions penetrated during the world war. The Japanese had a different idea, emphasizing the words we had recognized regarding their "primary" interests.

During a decade and a half of anarchy, 1911-1926, Dr. Sun Yat-sen formed a political party, the Kuomintang, hoping to unite China under a republican government. His young brother-in-law, Chiang Kai-shek, trained and developed the Kuomintang's army. After Sun's death, between 1926-1928, Chiang conquered most of China except the northern provinces, their ancient capital of Peking, and (Concluded on page 233)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

VOLUME 53 ~ NUMBER 3 ~ March 1950 ~

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TIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
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THE COVER

One of the world famous shows of nature each spring is the bursting forth of the Japanese cherry blossoms around the Tidal Basin, Washington, D. C. The photograph is by Horydczak.

FLOWER FLAME

By Gwen Travis

Her hands did more than plant a seed
Within the earth of spring;
They struck a spark in fertile soil
From which a flame took wing . . .
An Oriental poppy flame
Whose crimson fire burned high
To warm the eyes and hearts of those
Who looked as they passed by.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES

50 North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

NEW APPOINTEES

TO

Y.M.M.I.A. GENERAL BOARD

NEWEST members of the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association are Fred A. Schwendiman, Elvis B. Terry, Richard S. Tanner, Forace Green, Gordon Owen, and Francis L. Urry.

Elder Schwendiman, a district supervisor in the vocational rehabilitation division of the Utah state department of education, was born in New Zealand while his parents were filling a mission there for the Church.

Long active in auxiliary work in his ward and stake, he served for three years as superintendent of the Whittier (Salt Lake City) Ward, Wells Stake, Sunday School, four years as a member of the Wells Stake Sunday School superintendency, and as adviser to the priests' quorum. More recently he has been in the ward and stake Sunday School work in the East Mill Creek Stake, where he makes his home with his wife and three children.

Elder Schwendiman began his mission in Great Britain where he was a member of the Millennial Chorus, but at the outbreak of World War II he was transferred to the Eastern States Mission, where he completed his mission. During the war he was a naval officer. He is a graduate of the University of Utah and has done graduate work at Harvard University.

He is assigned to the M Men committee.

(Continued on following page)



FRED A. SCHWENDIMAN
MARCH 1950

ELVIS B. TERRY

The advertisement features a central image of a Mirro cookie press. To its left is its original packaging, a green box labeled "New EASY-GRIP COOKY PRESS" and "MIRRO". Below the box are several circular cookie cutters of different designs. The background is a light beige color with a green vertical border on the right side. Small, stylized illustrations of various cookies are scattered around the main product.

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NEW APPOINTEES TO Y.M.M.I.A. GENERAL BOARD

(Continued from preceding page)

Elder Terry, a graduate of Brigham Young University, has taught music in the high schools at Hurricane, Utah; Idaho Falls, Idaho; and at Orem, Utah, where he now resides. For the past eleven years he has been director of the Mendelssohn Male Chorus of Provo and Orem; this group won national recognition in a broadcast at the new year's season a year ago. And for the past eleven years the high school music chorus under his direction has presented Handel's *Messiah* at Easter time.

He has been active on both ward and stake boards of the Sunday School and Mutual wherever his work has taken him. At this appointment to the general board he was a member of the Lincoln Ward Sunday School superintendency in Orem. Elder and Sister Terry have four children.

He is assigned to the music committee.

Elder Tanner, a medical doctor practising in Salt Lake City, served in the British Mission of the Church from 1935 through 1938, where he was particularly active in mission M. I. A. work, being executive secretary of that organization. While taking his medical degree at Northwestern University, he was a member of the Chicago Stake Sunday School superintendency. He served his internship and residency in surgery at the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. He also served in the medical corps of the United States army from 1945 to 1947. For the past several years he has been a guide on Temple Square in addition to teaching in the Sunday School. He and his wife and two children reside in East Ensign Ward.

He is assigned to the athletic committee.



RICHARD S. TANNER

FORACE GREEN

FORACE GREEN, author of the Scout articles which have been appearing in *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, has served for the past eight years as district Scout chairman on the Mutual board of the South Salt Lake Stake. He was sustained as ward clerk in the Union (Salt Lake County) Ward when but sixteen years of age, and at nineteen he was called to fill a three-year mission in the Eastern States, where he served as president of the Brooklyn District, as public relations officer for the mission, and as mission Scout commissioner. He was graduated from Brigham Young University, receiving the first degree in journalism ever granted from the Church University, and today is publisher of two weekly newspapers, the *South Salt Lake Herald* and the *Granite Park Press* in Salt Lake City. He recently received his silver beaver award in scouting. He and his wife, Edna I. Lauritzen Green, are the parents of three children.

He is assigned to the Explorer committee of the general board.



GORDON OWEN

GORDON OWEN has recently returned to his native Salt Lake City after an absence of some fifteen years in which he has been following his vocation, radio broadcasting. He completed his high school work at the L.D.S. University and attended the University of Utah before accepting a call to the British Mission where he served from 1925 to 1927. He is now affiliated with the Intermountain Network in Salt Lake City but is a former national sales manager of the Housewives' Protective League of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has served as bishop of the North Shore Ward, Chicago Stake; a member of the bishopric of the Burlingame Ward, Palo Alto (California) Stake; a member of the New York Stake high council; and a member of the Palo Alto Stake presidency. His most recent Church assignment has been as coordinator of youth activities in the Beverly Hills Ward, Los Angeles Stake. He and his wife, Nevada Browning Owen, are the parents of four children.

He is assigned to the Special Interest committee.

(Concluded on page 169)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

January 1950

8 NYSSA (Oregon-Idaho) Stake, organized from parts of the Weiser Stake, by Elders John A. Widtsoe and Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve. Sustained were President Arvel L. Child and his counselors, William Fred Blacker and Milton Nelson. Stake includes Nyssa First, Second, Ontario, Vale, Parma, and Owyhee wards. Remaining in the Weiser Stake are the Emmett First, Second, Weiser, New Plymouth, Payette, and Letha wards. President of Weiser Stake is J. Raymond Dewey, former first counselor. His counselors are Grant W. Weber and Earl C. Bradshaw. Presidents Child and Blacker were president and second counselor of the old Weiser Stake. This is the Church's 176th stake.

William H. Bennett sustained as president of the St. George (Utah) Stake with Rulon A. Snow and James Andrus as counselors, succeeding President Harold S. Snow and counselors Vernon Worthen and Vivian J. Frei.

Mar Vista West Ward, Inglewood (California) Stake, organized from parts of Mar Vista Ward, with John W. Robertson, bishop.

11 A SPECIAL committee of members of the Y. M. and Y. W. M. I. A. general boards was formed to study the firesides, young people's gatherings following sacrament meetings. The purpose of the committee will be to study problems which arise in the conducting and planning of the firesides, and make general observations and recommendations. Named to the committee were Joy F. Dunyon, Adolphus P. Warnick, Kenneth H. Sheffield, Norma P. Anderson, Pearl Bridge, and Gladys D. White.

Fred A. Schwendiman, Elvis B. Terry, and Richard S. Tanner appointed to the Y. M. M. I. A. general board. (See page 165.)

12 PRESIDENT George Albert Smith left Salt Lake City for Los Angeles to attend the first stake conference in his official capacity in "quite a while." After the Los Angeles Stake conference, he planned to be in southern California for several weeks.

13 REPRESENTATIVES of twenty-seven areas of the Church held an institute in Salt Lake City under

the direction of the dance committees of the Y. M. and Y. W. M. I. A. in which ballroom, round, and square dancing were demonstrated, and plans for participation in the M. I. A. dance festival in connection with June conference were discussed.

15 BISHOP Joseph L. Wirthlin of the Presiding Bishopric dedicated the Fort Hall Indian Branch chapel, Fort Hall, Idaho.

18 THE First Presidency announced the appointment of Golden L. Woolf, president of the East Provo (Utah) Stake, to preside over the French Mission, succeeding President James L. Barker. President Woolf filled a mission in France and Switzerland from 1911 to 1914, and presided over the French Mission from 1929 to 1933. Sister Woolf will go with him to the field of labor.

M Men and Gleaner quartets of the Salt Lake area began their first annual festival of music in Salt Lake City, with the Gleaner Girl quartets competing. Each quartet was required to sing one serious and one novelty number, the latter to have original words. Original music was optional.

19 M MEN quartets competed in the first annual quartet music festival. Palestine-Syrian Mission name changed to Near East Mission, by the Council of the Twelve and the First Presidency.

20 MIXED QUARTETS competed in the quartet festival. The rules of one serious and one novelty selection from each group were the same for all three nights' competition. Later in the evening the winners were announced as East Ensign Ward, Ensign (Salt Lake City) Stake, winning first prize for the Gleaners; Capitol Hill Ward, Salt Lake Stake, winning second place; with Colonial Hills Ward Hillside Stake, third. North Twenty-first Ward, Emigration (Salt Lake City) Stake won first place in M Men competition; Stratford Ward, Highland (Salt Lake City) Stake, second; and Twenty-seventh Ward, Emigration Stake, third. In the mixed quartets, Stratford Ward was first; Thirty-third Ward, Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake, second; and University Ward, Emigration Stake, third. In all, thirty-four quartets competed.

22 PRESIDENT George Albert Smith dedicated the Whittier Ward, Pasadena (California) Stake chapel.

M. Elmer Christensen sustained as president of Cottonwood (Salt Lake County) Stake, with Marius O. Evans and Ray D. Smith, counselors, succeeding President J. Ephraim Wahquist and counselors Verl F. McMillan and Marius O. Evans.

Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel and mission home at Papeete, Tahiti.

23 THE First Presidency announced the appointment of Dr. J. Orval Ellsworth to preside over the Central States Mission with headquarters in Independence, Missouri. He succeeds President Francis W. Brown. President Ellsworth, native of Utah, reared in Idaho, at this appointment is professor and head of Denver University marketing and advertising division, and a member of the Denver (Colorado) Stake high council. He was a part-time missionary for twenty-three years in the fields where his academic pursuits have taken him: Eastern States, Central States, and Texas-Louisiana missions. Mrs. Ellsworth will accompany him on this mission.

25 FORACE GREEN and Gordon OWEN appointed to the Y. M. M. I. A. general board. (See page 165.)

29 D. E. JUDD sustained as president of Ensign (Salt Lake City) Stake, succeeding the late Alridge N. Evans. A. Palmer Holt and F. Britton McConkie succeed themselves as counselors in the stake presidency.

Ariel S. Ballif sustained president of East Provo (Utah) Stake, succeeding Golden L. Woolf, recently called to preside over the French Mission. Counselors Leland M. Perry and Clyde P. Crockett were sustained to succeed themselves.

31 THE Alberta Temple at Cardston reopened for ordinance work after some extensive renovations.

February 1950

1 FRANCIS L. URRY appointed to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. (See page 165.)

Purchase of a 120-acre Church welfare farm to be eventually used in the

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

production and manufacture of butter was announced by the four stakes of the Uintah Basin welfare region, Duchesne, Moon Lake, Roosevelt, and Uintah.

3 THE FIRST Presidency announced the uniting of the Hawaiian and the Central Pacific missions, the new mission to be known as the Hawaiian Mission. Edward L. Clissold, who was released as president of the Japanese Mission last September, is the new mission president. Released as president of the Hawaiian Mission is E. Wesley Smith. Released as president of the Central Pacific Mission is Melvyn A. Weenig. This mission has been active among Hawaiian residents of Oriental extraction.

5 BOY SCOUT SUNDAY was appropriately marked in many of the wards and branches of the Church.

New Appointees To Y.M.M.I.A. General Board

(Concluded from page 166)



FRANCIS L. URRY

three cities on the Book of Mormon and Church history during the latter part of his mission. He has been active in priesthood and auxiliary organizations from his youth, having filled ward and stake positions in the Grant, Salt Lake, and Emigration stakes of Salt Lake City. At this appointment he is on the high council of Emigration Stake. He was featured on radio network dramatic programs while living in Chicago in 1944. He produced and directed the dramatic episodes for the centennial trek of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and portrayed the Prophet Joseph Smith in the presentations as that modern-day caravan came from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City in July 1947. At the present time he is a reader on the Sunday evening Church radio hour, "A New Witness for Christ." He is married to Leona V. Carroll Urry, and the couple have three children.

He is assigned to the speech committee.

MARCH 1950

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ON THE Bookrack

THE GRIM YEARS

(Claude T. Barnes. The Ralton Company, 514 First Security Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. 91 pages.)

THIS story of Emily Stewart Barnes (1846-1932), the author's mother, covers most of Utah's pioneer years. When she reached Utah in 1851, the West was a desert wilderness. That which the pioneers had to do in conquering the wilderness was her lot also. She suffered at times, as the others did, but the inward glow of faith and her courage to meet the challenge of the desert made life sweet even in those early hard years. And she won. It is a story to lift the hearts of men.

—J. A. W.

4-STAR COLLEGIATE WORD POWER

(Mark Hart. Markhart Vocabulary Service, Preston, Idaho. 167 pages.)

A good device to acquire the proper meaning and use of words, whether one is in school or out.—J. A. W.

INTERGROUP RELATIONS CENTERS

(Everett R. Clinchy. Farrar Straus and Company. 54 pages. \$1.50.)

THE competent president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews here pleads for a better understanding among all interested in the social welfare of humanity. He believes that in every institution of higher learning groups or centers should be formed to destroy the prejudices which usually destroy happiness in human relationships.—J. A. W.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
(Hans Kohn. Macmillan Co., New York. 1949. 242 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS analysis of history of our day is particularly keen and incisive. Dr. Kohn, a world traveler and teacher, currently professor of history at the College of the City of New York, has done an exceptional piece of analysis in his latest study. The section headings will give some idea of the scope of the work—even though of course they cannot indicate the skill with which the various chapters under those headings are treated: Disintegrating Forces in Nineteenth Century Civilization, The Challenge of Tradition, the Challenge of Old Myths and New Trends, Forces of Reintegration and Reaffirmation.

To those who have felt somewhat overwhelmed by the events of the immediate past, this book brings com-

fort by the very clearness with which Dr. Kohn analyzes reasons for the troubles which have arisen and the hope which he affirms for the ultimate solution of them.—M. C. J.

SINCE 1900

(Oscar T. Barck, Jr., and Nelson M. Blake. Macmillan Co., New York. 1947. 863 pages. \$6.50.)

THIS history of our times in the United States, written by two people of divergent political views, is one that it would seem imperative for all citizens in the United States to read and ponder in order to insure intelligent action in the continuance of good laws and the correction or elimination of bad ones. People of the Church will be particularly interested in learning that our own President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency, had an important part to play in improving inter-American relations. The book is not only informative, it is also intensely interesting to read for insight into the role of the United States in the nineteenth century.

—M. C. J.

THE MAN FROM NAZARETH

(Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949. 281 pages. \$3.00.)

THE author of this book has done an exceedingly careful piece of work in proving that the Man from Nazareth did live and walk the earth and leave mankind the heritage of his divine message. The book is thoroughly annotated, thus giving the scholar the incentive for further study without hindering the casual reader who may not wish to go beyond the material that Dr. Fosdick has assembled. The book approaches the study of Christ from the point of view of his contemporaries. In ten stirring chapters the author indicates the power of this greatest of all teachers, the Son of God, who laid his life down that all men who believed on him may never die.—M. C. J.

THE SPELL OF THE PACIFIC

(Edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day. Macmillan Co., New York. 1949. 940 pages. \$6.50.)

THIS anthology of the literature of the Pacific comes with timeliness for the Church since 1950 is the centennial year for the opening of the Hawaiian Mission. The quotation which prefacing the book is from Herman Melville, who says that the Pacific "seems the tide-beating heart of earth." The book (Concluded on page 184)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Religious News Service Photo

Bargain with Wind

WIND, I will take your part when they complain:
"It blows upon my nerves and wearies me";
Or "Mark my words, the wind is bringing rain";
Or "Must it hammer so incessantly
And be as cold as this?" or "be as hot?"
I will defend you in the charges, Wind.
You are destructive, and you even plot
Mischief on many a washing neatly pinned—
And other ways too numerous to mention.
I am your friend and tolerant of each whim,
And yet in this I ask your strict attention:
Blow not too feebly nor too high for him
To hold the cord of his first lovely kite
Poised, even now, for its much-dreamed-of flight.

By Elaine V. Emans

DOORWAYS

By Pauline Havard

BEAUTY is like a little door ajar,
Hinged on the silver mansion of a star;
While they are wise who read her
signposts set
Along the road—a yellow violet
Stating a spring is near; the trillium's snow
That tells the seeking heart which way to
go
To find the domicile of beauty, then
To follow the same pathway back again;
To spread her shining gospel near and far,
And teach how numerous her doorways
are!

HARMONY TEST

By Helen Sue Isely

"BRIGHT GREEN against bright blue?
It clashes! Try another hue."
Yet, God put a tree against the sky,
And God saw nothing there awry.
"Gold on yellow? Horrors, no!
Let's think a bit and just go slow."
Yet, God put a bee on a dandelion heart,
And God was pleased with the color chart.
"Two shades of almost matching blue?
Your sense of harmony's all askew!"
Yet, God caused the sky and the ocean to
meet,
And God was content on his heavenly
seat.

"Black, white, yellow, and also red?
Too many colors! You'd better shed!"
Yet, God used them on his earthly clan,
And God spoke of peace, good will toward
man!

DREAM HOUSE

By Cora May Preble

I thought one time that I would own a
home,
A large palatial place high on a hill.
With lots of ground where I could gaily
roam,
And when the twilight came, it would be
still.
But now I know a tiny house will do,
With purple lilacs in the fragrant dusk
To make the hours sweet—for it is true
A mansion often is an empty husk.

Now I prefer these simple homely things:
The smell of sweet red clover after rain,
The cheery tune a boiling kettle sings—
Nor long for jeweled crowns or richer
gain.

A tiny house where playing children make
My dreams of quietude a blessed fake!

CINDERELLA CLOUD

By Gay Winquist

RAGGEDY Cinderella cloud,
Back to a slavey turned;
Brushing the ash of a sunset dream
From the hearth where the old sun burned;
Vanished enchantment. Will the prince
Tell her it's love that matters
And fit her foot to the crystal dawn
In spite of her rags and tatters?

MY HOME

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

No gypsy blood is coursing in my veins.
I like tilled fields and trusty weather
vanes;
For wanderlust I feel a hearty scorn,
Give me green meadows and lush fields
of corn.
I claim no praise because I do not roam;
I love the world, but better my own home.
No nomad tent can ever prove a lure,
I want four walls, strong-beamed and made
secure;
No bed of boughs to welcome me at
night,
Nor moon, nor stars, to be my only light;
No trust in bow and arrow for my meat;
I want an icebox handy when I eat.

I want a little place that is my home,
Stored full of love, as honey in the comb.
Some things are difficult quite to express,
But: "Thou beside me in the wilder-
ness"
Means East or West, of this I have no
doubt,
Where happiness abides, the world shut
out.

MY WEALTH

By P. K. Edmunds

MY wealth is not in money
Or stocks or bonds or gems;
My wealth consists of persons:
The ones I call my friends.
To wealth of other people
A little may I lend;
And when they count their treasures,
May they call me their friend.

IT WAS ALWAYS SPRING

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

I remember when Father pulled the plow
from the shed
And looked to its share and handles,
It was always spring.
It was the time to lean against the old
pear tree
And watch the first moist row
Stretch like a brown thread toward the
meadow.
It was the time when small boys
Excitedly gathered fish bait they would not
use
In a rusty can.
Again I see the bright blade
Cut through the dead root and the rabbit
burrow
And a tall man tramping down the furrow.



—Photograph, Jeano Orlando

TRIBUTE

By Helen Baker Adams

THIS is the birthday of one whose eyes
Were quietly closed in timelessness
Before this home was born.

Yet here by the fire is the rug she wove,
And there hangs the cup with her name
in gold.
And her little black Bible lies worn.

Her fern fronds green to greet this day
And my own small lad with her winsome
smile
Mocks the grim meaning of mourn!

RETURN

By Georgia Moore Eberling

It has not changed: the mountains are as
high.
The little river is as limpid clear,
The darting bluebirds still as lightly fly,
And old, remembered paths are just as
dear
As they were when we walked them,
hand in hand,
And watched the vesper stars bloom in the
west.
Then all the world was misty wonderland,
The future pure enchantment, one bright
quest.
It has not changed, young lovers claim it
now
And dream their dreams just as we used
to do.
The moonlight wavers through the willow
bough;
The dim old path is touched with gold
anew.
Gray Time may lead the feet long miles
away;
In dreams the heart returns at end of day.

ARTISTE

By Pansye H. Powell

AS SENTIENT fingers plunge in swift
control,
Impassioned, thunderous, heavy majors
roll.
Her thwarted spirit, newly rampant-grown,
Rises to heights her body has not known
And spirals to fulfillment all alone.
But deep within the wild rhapsodic cry—
A dirge for love, an unsung lullaby!

THE KEY

By J. Fabian Giroux

I stood in a room with a thousand doors,
And one door led to peace.
But the key that I clutched in my fainting
hand
Would never gain release.

The travelers passing through, I found,
Were met with the same impasse,
Their keys would open the door to strife,
But the door to peace held fast.

"Oh, Lord, what key am I clutching here,
And what key do I need?"
"My son, you need the key of love;
You hold the key of greed."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Testimony of Patriarch John Smith

BY PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

I HAVE before me a document that was printed in *The Deseret News* in the year 1851. It is a statement of an uncle of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was the first stake president of the Adam-ondi-Ahman and the Zarahemla stakes in the East during the Prophet's lifetime as well as the first stake president in the Salt Lake Valley. I refer to John Smith, my great grandfather. He also became Patriarch to the Church. He was born in 1781. This is a statement written not long before the death of this good man—and I will present only a part of it because it is somewhat lengthy:

"It is now upwards of twenty-one years since the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with six members, most of whom are numbered with the dead.

"Soon after its organization I heard the gospel through my nephew, Joseph Smith, Jr., and obeyed the commandments of the Lord by entering in at the door, which is baptism....

"If the Presidency and Twelve who are now living had not been servants to the cause when Joseph lived, they would not have been worthy to fill the exalted stations which they now occupy; and always remember 'that he who is the greatest among you must be the servant of all.'

"Bring up your children in the way they should go, that they may be ornaments to the society and a blessing unto you in your old age; and remember that God will not hold you guiltless if you should neglect to attend to this matter. Remember also to teach them to pray; and cause your sons to take part in the family prayer; and beware what company they keep, for 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'

"Let not your daughters mix with the sons of the stranger whom you know nothing about and who are not of the house of Israel; but gather your children together and teach them the principles of truth and righteousness, and teach them to obey the laws of God, and the day will come that they will arise and bless you.

"Teach unto them every truth which God has revealed. Instil into their young minds every principle that will make them a noble race, and remove from their paths everything that is contrary to God and his commandments.... You will then have a race of children who will rise in the midst of Israel, and will break the shackles of superstition and be fit beings to carry on the work which their fathers commenced; and the Spirit of God will assist you in doing these things, provided you put forth all your energies with your might....

"Let every elder of Israel put on the garments of righteousness, teaching by precept and example the true principles which exalt the mind, expand the understanding and make a man fit companion for his Creator. Never dishonor the high and holy calling which has been placed upon him by teaching and suffering to be taught in his home or anywhere that he has influence or power to control, doctrines that are not of God....

"I must conclude, for I feel the infirmities of age creeping on, and knowing not when the Lord shall require me hence, I wish to take this opportunity of adding my mite to the testimonies of the thousands who are scattered throughout the globe, and of those who are gone beyond the veil, and who sealed theirs with their blood.

(Concluded on following page)

The Editor's Page

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from preceding page)

"In Kirtland, Ohio, four brothers sat in the patriarchal seat in the Temple of God, and I only of that number am left to tell the tale; and as I am now past the time allotted to man to live, it is reasonable that I also will be gathered unto my fathers in the time appointed of God. I therefore bear my testimony, which I wish translated into every language and read to every saint and printed wherever the type is used, that the world may see and hear what I have to say; for if I was young I would visit them, when they should hear from my lips that God has again spoken from the heavens; that he has again descended to send his angels to visit fallen man, and point out the way whereby he can be saved. He appointed Joseph Smith a prophet, and revealed unto him his commandments....

"I testify that Joseph Smith was a prophet, seer, revelator, and a man of God; and what was revealed through him will prove life and salvation to those who believe and obey, or death and condemnation to all who count it as nought, and harden their hearts against the truths he preached and practised. I knew him—"

I want to impress this paragraph upon your minds:

"I knew him when at his mother's breast, I watched and counseled his youth, but when God spoke and taught him, I bowed to his superior knowledge, and although he was a boy and I am an old man, and his uncle, yet I was not ashamed to learn true principles from him, and like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, drank in the truths which flowed from the Prophet's lips.

"I was in jail with him and his brother Hyrum a few hours before they were killed, and I can testify before God, that they died innocent of any crime, and that they sealed their testimony with their blood.

"I testify to all men, that I know that the angel has appeared which John the Revelator saw, who had the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.

"And I call on all men, priests and people, kings, potentates, and rulers, to cease their strife, come and obey the gospel, gather with Israel, obey the commandments of God, that you and your dead may be saved and brought up in the first resurrection.

"And I say to the saints that by the power of the Holy Priesthood

vested in me, as patriarch, I bless you, and I say unto you. Be faithful, and you shall be blessed in your basket and your store; you shall have all blessings which were promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and the Lord will preserve you as in the hollow of his hand, and no power shall stay the work, for everything that shall be brought against it will fail...."

He concludes by signing himself "John Smith, Patriarch to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. G. S. L. City, Nov. 8, 1851."

I present this for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that the Prophet Joseph Smith came from men and women who had faith in God, who were readers of the scriptures, who believed in the power of God, and who, where it would be natural for them, because of their age, to direct the youth of their own household, were humble in their souls, and prepared to bow to the superior wisdom, not of the boy, but of our Heavenly Father who inspired him.

It is a beautiful testimony to me because in the evening of his life, when he was ready to pass to the great beyond, he wanted to leave that testimony to the Latter-day Saints—and I leave it with you.

Editorial

Help Fight Cancer

PEOPLE everywhere know something about cancer—but too few of them know the facts that might save their own lives. The many volunteer workers of the American Cancer Society are daily engaged in a crusade to bring these life-saving facts into every home. Today physicians are curing one out of every four patients who develop cancer. Medical science has progressed enough so that at least twice as many could be cured by early diagnosis and prompt, proper treatment.

The program of the society is three-fold: education, service, and research. Education and service are for the present—to save lives and to

comfort the suffering. Research looks to the future and to the final solution of the cancer problem. The education and lay service programs are carried out by volunteers under medical supervision. The Cancer Society belongs to every reader; it is your program and needs your support in all its phases.

Since 1945 the greatest research attack ever launched on a single disease has been developed against cancer. Support for this impressive program comes from many sources, from foundations and the government and universities, but with the dollars the public contributes, the American Cancer Society spearheads the growth of this great effort.

While we wait for the ultimate answer to the problem of cancer, we need not stand idly by. Contact your local Cancer Society representative (or offices of the Utah Division, 177 Motor Avenue, Salt Lake City) asking for free educational literature or how you might volunteer your efforts in this great crusade.

Was IRON Known In ANCIENT AMERICA?

CXLIII

By John A. Widtsoe OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THE Book of Mormon speaks repeatedly of the use of iron by the peoples of ancient America. The Jaredites apparently carried on extensive operations with the useful metals, including iron.¹ Nephi, writing soon after the arrival in America of Lehi and his company (about 570 B. C.) says:

"I did teach my people to build buildings and to work in all manner of wood, and of iron. . . ."²

Later Book of Mormon writers likewise mention the possession and use of iron among the Nephites.³

Unbelievers have used these statements to prove the Book of Mormon false. They have said and written that iron has not been found among the artifacts of America's lost civilizations. Gold, silver, copper, and other valuable metals have been found, but not iron. Therefore, they have reasoned, the early inhabitants of the American continent did not know iron.

The Latter-day Saints, believers in the divine coming forth of the Book of Mormon, have answered that in time proof of the correctness of the Book of Mormon claims would be forthcoming. They have usually added that people who could smelt gold, silver, and copper from their ores could certainly smelt iron from the vast American iron deposits.

In scientific America a similar controversy has been carried on. Many magnificent buildings remaining from pre-Columbian days show exquisite workmanship. Granitic stone, for example, has been shaped with such accuracy that, in the words of several observers, a penknife could not be inserted between such stones in a wall. Likewise, hard stone materials have been fashioned for embellishing buildings into a great variety of forms.

To accomplish this, tools harder than stone, granite, for example, must have been used. Numerous conjectures have been made as to the tools used. Hardened copper, made by some lost process, has been suggested. Many have believed that iron and steel tools were used but have been lost by rusting throughout the years.

It is a commonly well-known fact that iron

oxidizes or rusts easily and quickly under favorable conditions of heat and moisture. The question whether iron was used in early American days is still being discussed by expert students in the field of American archaeology.

Meanwhile, the progress of science seems to confirm the Book of Mormon statement that iron was in the possession of the early inhabitants of America. The *Science News Letter* of November 12, 1949,⁴ has made an interesting summary of the question, which shows that iron was probably known in America in ancient times:

"Did pre-Columbian 'First Families' of Virginia and Ohio know how to smelt iron and make nails, horseshoes and tools of iron? . . ."

"Captain [A. H.] Mallory, who has skippered ships in northern waters, has collected specimens of ancient iron from Greenland, Labrador, Newfoundland, as well as from Virginia and from the Ohio mounds.

"Samples of this material have been sent by Captain Mallory to the National Bureau of Standards and to Battelle Memorial Institute, Columbus, Ohio, for metallurgical study. Experts at both the National Bureau of Standards and at Battelle have found that the specimens are definitely not modern, although it is difficult to assign a precise date to them because no articles of comparable antiquity of known date are available for comparison. . . ."

"The Virginia site was found when archaeologists of the River Basin Surveys of the Smithsonian Institution combed over the area in southern Virginia and northern North Carolina to salvage any possible archaeological remains before the area should be flooded by the Buggs Island Reservoir and dam.

"Stone points were found there that were made by a Folsom culture people. These points were like those found in the western part of the United States and believed to be 10,000 years old.

"In the same area there were found scattered over considerable land, bits of iron, nails, horseshoes, hinge fragments and occasional tools. One specimen from this find was submitted by the Smithsonian to Dr. Ellinger for evaluation. De-

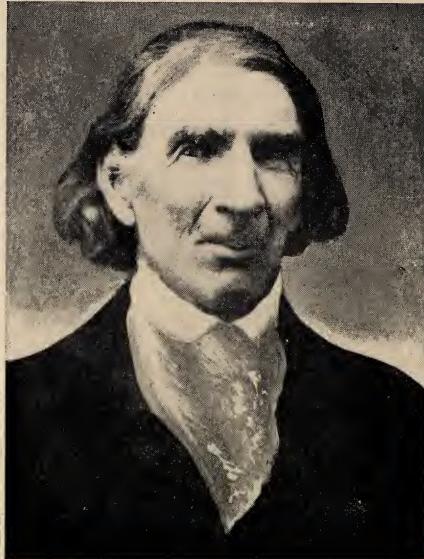
(Concluded on page 231)

—
"Science News Letter," "An Ameri-
can Iron Age?" p. 309

EVIDENCES AND
RECONCILIATIONS

¹Ether. 10:23
²I Nephi 5:15
³Jacob 1:8; Mosiah 11:3, 8

PIONEERING



UNCLE JOHN SMITH, THIRD PRESIDING
Patriarch to the Church

EDITOR'S NOTE

WHILE the contributions of the family of Joseph Smith, Sr., to the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times are well-known to the Church, this article deals with the families of the brothers of Joseph Smith, Sr. To sum up the contributions of this one family to the Church would be to write a sketch of the Church. Joseph Smith, Sr., Patriarch; His sons, Hyrum of the First Presidency and Patriarch; Joseph the Prophet; Samuel, first missionary; and William B. Apostle.

General Authorities of the Church from the family of Hyrum Smith, the joint-martyr, include: John Smith, Patriarch; Hyrum G., Patriarch, and Eldred G., Patriarch; President Joseph F. Smith, sixth president of the Church, his son, Hyrum M., Apostle; Joseph Fielding, Apostle; and David A., of the Presiding Bishopric. Joseph F., son of Hyrum M., Patriarch.

THREE uncles of the Prophet Joseph Smith, brothers of the Prophet's father, readily united their lives and destinies with the infant Church and remained valiant unto death. It is interesting to note that today these three men are represented in the Church by over three thousand descendants, President George Albert Smith being one of them. Thus Asael,* Silas, and John Smith stand with their better-known brother, Joseph Smith, Senior, as memorials to their patriarchal father, Asael Smith, Senior. Two sisters of these men, Priscilla and Mary, also accepted the gospel.

The eldest brother in this family, Jesse Smith, proved to be a Laman of unbelief who rejected the claims of all forms of religion, including those of the restored gospel. Lucy Mack Smith recorded that this Jesse and a sister Susan were the only two of Asael and Mary Duty

Smith's children who did not join the Church.

Latter-day Saints today are familiar with the story of the removal from the state of Vermont of Joseph and Lucy Smith and their children, including the Prophet, and their settling at Palmyra, Ontario (now Wayne) County, New York. Very little is said or commonly known regarding the exodus from Vermont to New York state by the parents and brothers and sisters of Joseph Smith, Senior. Since the descendants of these other Smiths, however, played important roles in early Church history and continue today to occupy positions of great responsibility in both the Church and in other worthy community life in the West, the stories of these pioneering families merit retelling.

Grandfather Asael Smith and Grandmother Mary Duty Smith in 1792 had brought their family of young stalwarts into Vermont from New Hampshire. Joseph Smith, Senior, was the second eldest son. The run of frosty late springs and frosty early falls in Vermont between 1814 and 1818, helped to propel many Vermont families to the cheap new lands of western New York and Ohio. Joseph and Lucy Smith migrated from the granite state in 1816, and the other Smiths followed soon thereafter, settling, however, in Lawrence County, New York, which borders the St. Lawrence River and lands



GEORGE A. SMITH
SON OF JOHN SMITH

*Some historians use the spelling "Assael."

FAMILIES

By Isaac B. Ball

O F J O S E P H S M I T H ' S U N C L E S

only seventy miles from the Vermont line. Joseph and Lucy had journeyed 125 miles farther westward to lands south of Lake Ontario, from which the county where they settled received its name.

After the gospel had been restored and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had been organized, one of the first things that Joseph Smith, Senior, set about to do was to carry the Book of Mormon and the gospel message to his beloved parents and brothers and sisters in Lawrence County, New York. His father, Asael, was then weak with what proved to be his last illness. The restoration message, however, fell on his ears like a familiar air. He embraced its doctrines and the Book of Mormon fervently, declaring that now were fulfilled words he had before spoken to his family, that one would arise of his lineage to do a great work for God.

The Prophet's uncle, Asael Smith, (named after his father), was baptized by Lyman E. Johnson in 1835 at Stockholm, Lawrence County, New York, and moved to

Kirtland in 1836 at sixty-three years of age. In 1839 Asael and family were among the expelled Saints from Missouri who settled in Illinois and Iowa. Asael was then sixty-six years of age but of vigorous frame. He was a member of the stake high council in Lee County, Iowa, from 1839 to 1842. He was ordained a patriarch by the Twelve Apostles in Nauvoo, October 7, 1844, at seventy-one years of age.

The following is recorded about Asael Smith:

His principles, precepts, and examples were worthy of imitation, and shed a lustre that does honor to his high and holy calling; he died after a long and painful illness, and left a numerous family to mourn his loss. (L.D.S. *Biographical Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1.)

Asael was seventy-five years of age when he died in the faith in Iowa, July 21, 1848. The vigor of the exodus from Nauvoo had sapped his strength.

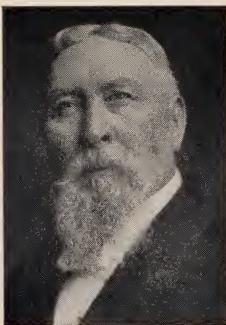
Silas Smith, the second faithful uncle of the Prophet, accepted the gospel in Stockholm, Lawrence County, New York, and moved to Kirtland in 1836 with his elder brother Asael. He was fifty-seven years of age. With them they brought their aged mother, Mary Duty Smith, who died soon afterwards,

but not before she had been able to greet her grandson, the Prophet Joseph, in whose mission she

placed implicit faith. Silas Smith and his family suffered the pains of exhaustion of the Missouri expulsion, 1838-39. He died in his sixtieth year, in 1839, soon after the merciless persecutions had thrust him into the state of Illinois. It is a sad coincidence that Silas' elder brother, Joseph Smith, Senior, also suffered a serious break in his health during these same severe tribulations in Missouri and died at Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1840, one year later than Silas.

John Smith, the third uncle of the Prophet's, and the youngest among them, (being ten years younger than the Prophet's father), outlived his brother Asael by six years. He had

(Continued on page 234)



JOHN HENRY SMITH
SON OF GEORGE A. SMITH



NICHOLAS G. SMITH
ASSISTANT TO THE COUNCIL OF
THE TWELVE



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

MISSION TO POLYNESIA

After an absence of five years and four months, Addison Pratt is reunited with his family.

X

THE half-starved passage of thirty days aboard the sail schooner *Providence* between Tahiti and Hawaii proved little more than a monotonous voyage to this man, Addison Pratt, who had spent much of his life on the sea. Nor was the continuation of the trip from Hawaii to the port of San Francisco in the new land of California impressive enough to warrant more than a brief mention in the journal of this man who was ordinarily a faithful recorder of day-to-day events. The very fact that he was nearing his home and a reunion with his wife and four daughters after an absence of four years made the tedious journey short and the hardships pleasurable.

Arriving in San Francisco on June 11, 1847, Addison found a colony of Church members—those who had come to California with Elder Samuel Brannan aboard the ship *Brooklyn* the year before.

To his eager questions: "Where are the rest of the Saints? Are they coming to California? Do you know anything about Louisa Pratt and her family?" Addison received no comforting answers. The California Saints knew only that Brigham Young and his people had planned to come west. When they would



SUTTER'S FORT IN 1846

The Story Of
Addison Pratt and the SOCIETY ISLANDS MISSION

arrive or where they would situate could only be guessed.

Sam Brannan had left in April for the east, traveling overland with two companions by horseback, hoping to meet Brigham Young and conduct him and the Saints over the mountains and through the valleys of the western wilderness to the paradise he had found for them on the Pacific Ocean. Until he returned or word came back from him, there was little to do except wait and work and pray. It was a hard blow to Addison to realize that many more long months must pass before he would see his family.

IT WAS grain-harvesting time in California, and the three hundred acres of wheat which the colony of Saints had planted in the spring was calling for all those who were willing to swing a scythe or drive an ox. Addison's offer to help was immediately accepted, and he left straightway for the farm which lay one hundred and fifty miles by water from San Francisco on one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin River. Many weeks passed before Addison returned to San Francisco. Still there was no word from the east, so he went to work building a house with Brother Lincoln, whom he had converted and baptized in the islands. At least, he thought, he could have a home

By Doyle L. Green
MANAGING EDITOR

for his family to move into if they came with the Church to California. But when Sam Brannan returned a short time later with the incredible report that the Saints were going to remain on the sun-parched, sage-covered lands of desert by the salt sea, nearly a thousand miles from the haven of beauty he had chosen for them in the shadow of the Golden Gate, Addison knew there was only one course to follow. He must join the Saints in their place of refuge in the mountains. Addison received one pleasant surprise, however, when Sam Brannan handed him a letter from his wife revealing that she was still in Winter Quarters but intended to come west as soon as she was able.

Brigham Young had said that the Pratts would be reunited in the west. Even before Louisa had left Nauvoo, when the Saints were making preparations for the trek, she inquired of a friend, Almon Babbitt: "Can you divine the reason why those who have sent my husband to the ends of the earth do not call to inquire whether I can prepare myself for such a perilous journey?"

The answer would have made a weaker heart turn cold. Elder Babbitt answered: "Sister Pratt, they expect you to be smart enough to

go yourself without help, and even to assist others." "Well, I will show them what I can do," she replied; so she renewed her courage and began making preparations. Still she could not reconcile herself to going. Day after day her thoughts turned toward her childhood home where her parents still lived. Should she go west, or should she return to them? Wouldn't it be easier for Addison to find her at her parents' home than in the wilderness somewhere in the trackless west?

In desperation she wrote a letter to Brigham Young. "What shall I do?" she inquired.

"Tell Sister Pratt to come on," word came back from the Prophet by messenger. "The ox team salvation is the safest way. Brother Pratt will meet us in the wilderness where we locate and will be sorely disappointed if his family is not with us."

That settled it. The Prophet had spoken. She would go with the Saints.

About the time Sam Brannan returned from his trip east, in the late summer of 1847, discharged soldiers from the Mormon Battalion began arriving in San Francisco. One group, under the direction of Brother Levi Hancock, followed up the base of the Sierra Nevadas, hoping to cross the range at Walker's Pass, but the men lost their way and passed down the San Joaquin Valley. On August 26 they camped near Sutter's Fort at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers. Most of the Battalion men were poorly clad and otherwise ill-prepared to continue the journey to the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the fall, so many of them decided to remain in California that winter and make the last leg of their long march come spring.

Work was available. Captain John Sutter, a Swiss immigrant, was carrying forward a number of enterprises and hired some fifty-six of the Battalion men to help harvest and thresh several hundred acres of wheat, work in his tan yard and saddle-and-shoeshop, and apply their skill as carpenters and joiners in building a gristmill and a sawmill.

This was the winter that gold was discovered in the tailrace of the sawmill, on which six of the Battalion men were working. Gold! Gold! Gold discovered on the American River! The cry echoing down from the hills was picked up in San Francisco and resounded as if by wireless far and wide, and, while that cry brought men pushing madly from all directions in one of the greatest gold rushes in history, the men of the Mormon Battalion remained true to their word and finished the work for Captain Sutter that they had contracted to do. They panned gold only before or after their working day and continued preparations to leave for the Salt Lake Valley as soon as spring thaws in the mountains would permit their departure.

the south branch of the American River. So Addison, along with most of the members of the Battalion, forsook the gold fields where men were becoming wealthy almost overnight, to outfit himself for the trip which would reunite him with his family and the Church. Even so, it was July before they were ready to start. The place appointed for rendezvous was Pleasant Valley, fifty miles east of Sutter's Fort.

The company when it finally gathered consisted of forty men and one woman; seventeen wagons; about two hundred and fifty head of oxen, cows, and calves; and two hundred horses and mules.

Addison had been dreading much more than anyone knew the journey that lay ahead of him. Each time he gazed eastward towards the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, which rose like a row of majestic

THE time had now arrived for the long-dreaded job of crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains.



—Photograph by Hal Rumel

... white with snow all summer long and looking like majestic thunder pillars

This was also the winter that a branch of the Church was formed in San Francisco with Addison Pratt as its first presiding elder.

It was in May, more than three months after the yellow metal was discovered, that Addison Pratt went to the "diggings," remaining only four days. At that time a messenger came from Sutter's Fort with the report that the scouts who had been sent into the mountains had returned with the word that a road could be made across the Sierra Nevadas near the headwaters of

thunder pillars, and which he knew he would have to cross, sensations of absolute horror enveloped him.

Before leaving Nauvoo he had had a dream showing "the whole cruise" of his mission. The dream revealed that on his way home, near the end of his journey, a feeling of dread would come over him that would be almost "insupportable." It seemed as if the very fates were let loose on him, and when he awoke, he was "as miserable as if the pangs of hell had got hold" of

(Continued on following page)



*high up in the mountains where before,
a white man's foot had never trod*

Mission to Polynesia

(Continued from preceding page)

him. Many times during his mission the scene had come to his mind and caused him much discomfort.

Tossing about the sea in a frail craft for weeks on end caused him no anxiety; landing on savage and unknown shores he could look forward to with some degree of anticipation; living on a tiny coral atoll on a fare of fish and coconuts he could take in stride; but the mere thought of walking over those mountains and through those deserts that lay between him and his family brought back to him the same feeling he had experienced in his dream in Nauvoo.

The fears were not entirely without grounds either, for this man of the sea was not used to pioneering. And traveling with soldiers who were now completing the last of a thirty-three-hundred-mile trek on foot was no easy matter, and, as he had never driven a team of oxen before, he found them completely unmanageable. The tire of one of his wheels came off almost before he started, thus he fell behind the rest of the company. Even before reaching Pleasant Valley, he broke one axletree, his wagon tongue, and one of the wagon hounds. To make

matters even worse, he was lame from an injury which he had received from falling off his horse "that took fright and jumped stiff-legged, a trick well known to anyone who has had anything to do with California horses." In a place called Slies Park, where they camped for ten days while the scouts went ahead to explore, he became quite ill with "ague and fever." But the fever soon left, and, as the journey progressed, things started looking up. Addison found an experienced young teamster who agreed to drive the oxen, and Addison was provided with a horse so that he would not have to walk.

Soon they were "high up in the mountains where before, a white man's foot had never trod," and the party had to be constantly on guard against Indians. Three scouts who were sent out to explore the trail were murdered; cattle and horses were stolen and shot with poisoned arrows. Other normal happenings of such a perilous journey were also experienced—wagons were capsized; wheels were broken; and repairs had to be made constantly.

During this part of the trek, while Addison was not well enough

to clear road or do other heavy work, he spent much time fishing to help furnish food for the camp. In fact, he proved so efficient in the activity that during the whole trip, whenever a stream or a lake was near, he was relieved of other assignments in order to fish. He records, "And they gave it as a general opinion that I could catch a mess of fish if I could only find rain water standing in a cow track."

After the worst part of the mountains had been traversed and the snow peaks which had caused Addison so much uneasiness began to fade from sight, both Addison's health and spirits were "fast on the mend," and he could once more "smile or even laugh as in other days." So the trek continued along the Truckee River, Mary's River, Goose Creek, and around the north end of Great Salt Lake. When they arrived at the settlements about forty miles north of Salt Lake City, several of the brethren learned that their wives and children were in Salt Lake, and they left the company to travel on horseback as fast as they could to meet their families. When they tried to persuade Addison to go with them, he refused. His disappointments had been so many during the past five years that he felt he could not rush headlong into another one, but some twenty miles from Salt Lake he met Brother Hate who told him that his family was in the city, having arrived on Sept. 21—just one week before. Brother Hate guided Addison to the home of a Sister Rogers, where Louisa and the girls were staying. They had learned that Addison was to arrive that day. Louisa was in her wagon, dressing. Brother Parley P. Pratt had proposed taking the family in a carriage to meet the long-awaited missionary.

When Addison stepped inside the door of the house, he saw a young woman down on her knees scrubbing the floor. Brother Hate said, "Ellen, here is your father."

Recording the event, Addison wrote,

She jumped up as I stepped in and caught hold of my hand with an expression that was as wild as a hawk and exclaimed, "Why, Pa Pratt, you have come home." The next two, Frances and Lois, were soon on hand and looked equally surprised. The youngest, Ann, was out to play. She

(Continued on page 230)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Give Your SPEECH a POINT

By

Louise Linton Salmon

V

"To talk much and arrive nowhere is the same as climbing a tree to catch a fish."



WHATEVER you do in life, you will do it more effectively if you know clearly what your objective is. A goal gives direction to your actions and serves as a measuring rod against which you can check the value of what you think and do. For this reason you can make any speaking experience more profitable both to yourself and to your listeners if, early in the preparation process, you decide what your purpose is in making the speech.

Your listeners need to know the direction of your ideas, for it is hard to follow a rambling speaker. You need to know the direction of your ideas, for a clear-cut purpose will give an invaluable check on the relevancy of material; and the knowledge that your speech is well-directed and unified will give you important self-assurance.

The task of "giving your speech a point" is much more difficult than most people think, however. A unified, well-directed speech requires much careful thought and preparation.

Let us assume that you have followed carefully the suggestions made in the last two articles of this series. Perhaps you have chosen as a topic the structure of the Church, but you have only fifteen minutes to speak. Therefore, let us suppose that you have decided to

limit your presentation to the M.I.A. Such limitation of your subject is excellent, but what do you want to accomplish within these limits?

Do you want merely to describe or explain the M.I.A. organization? A speech with such an objective might be very appropriate to a group of non-members, and it could be counted a success if the audience understood you and went away with a clear mental picture of the M.I.A. activities and purpose.

Or do you want to set the higher goal of persuading the audience to participate in M.I.A. activities? A speech with this objective could be counted a success only so far as your listeners began to participate in Mutual—or at least, wanted to participate. A persuasive speech is usually more difficult to give than a speech of explanation, for while the latter involves only understanding, persuasion is a process in which the emotions and reasoning are closely intermingled. In preparing a speech, therefore, decide first on one of these two general objectives.

Many people stop at this point and say vaguely, "Oh, my purpose is to explain M.I.A." But to make

the speech really meaningful you need to know exactly what point you want to make in that explanation. To force yourself to be specific, write down your objective clearly and concisely, for example:

My purpose is to explain how M.I.A. gives people of many age and interest levels opportunities to participate.

If your objective is persuasion, you might write:

My purpose is to persuade my listeners that it is to their advantage to participate in M.I.A.

When you have written it down, check the purpose again, carefully and thoughtfully. Does it state your intentions accurately? Is it as specific and clear as you can make it? Make sure of your point by summarizing it in one complete but simple and forceful sentence. Try to condense your speech into one unforgettable sentence. Consider, for instance:

A unified, well-directed speech requires much thought and preparation.

M.I.A. has something for every teen-ager and adult to do.

Or

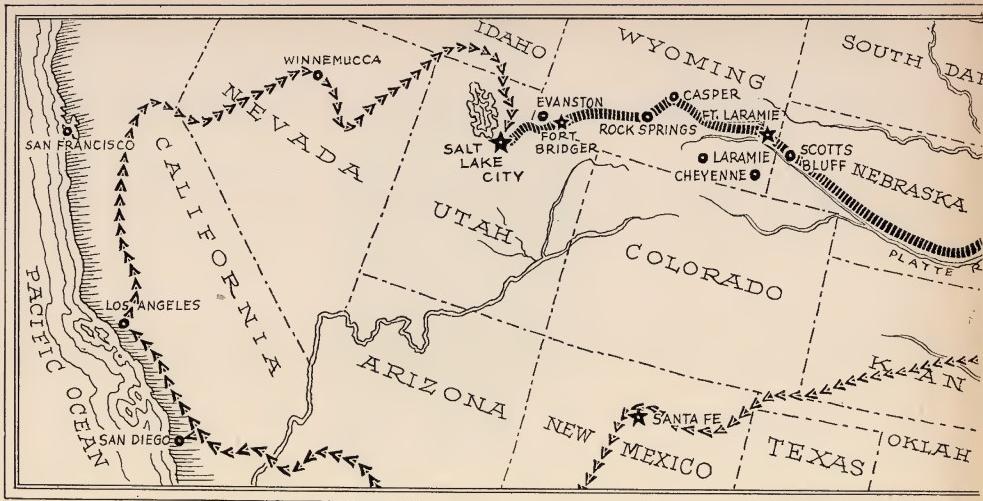
It is to your advantage to come out to Mutual

This statement, often called "central idea" or "theme" or "subject sentence," should vividly summarize in one sentence the entire speech. If it does, and if you are satisfied that it is the best sentence you can formulate, then you are ready to begin using it as a measuring rod for the ideas you have gathered.

List all of the material you want to use in your speech and consider it in relation to your objective. You will probably find that you have more than the time limit will permit you to use and, moreover, that at least one-fourth of the material, though closely related to the central idea, actually does not help you achieve your purpose.

Put these ideas firmly and ruthlessly to one side. Never let a fondness for a particular idea or sentence persuade you to include it if it does not help you put across your point. Too many speakers choose their objective and then pro-

(Concluded on page 232)



The Improvement Era Announces

A CHURCH HISTORY TRAVEL SERVICE

WITH the publication in this issue of the first of a series of general and sectional strip maps of important areas in Church history, *The Improvement Era* announces a Church History Travel Service for its readers. An effort is being made to provide information and assistance for *Era* readers to enable them not only to visit important places in Church history, but also to enjoy to the fullest extent their visits to such points.

Would you like to visit the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, to know what to look for when you get there, and how to get the greatest value and enjoyment from your visit? *The Improvement Era* Travel Service will tell you how to get to South Royalton, Vermont—nearest village to the farm in the hills where the Prophet was born, and what to look for when you get there.

This same information will be given concerning many other areas. One section will be treated each month with a strip map and concise information following the same

pattern: the name of the area, what happened there to make it historically important, what to look for now — buildings, foundations, graves, etc., and how to get there by auto, bus, train, or air. Strip maps will show in detail the points in any given area, making it easy to find the places and things to see. Extra copies of the strip maps will be available to *Era* readers at nominal cost as will also itineraries covering the major Church history areas.

These areas will be covered in the first series but not necessarily in this order:

SHARON—ROYALTON—TUNBRIDGE (VERMONT) AREA

South Royalton
Joseph Smith Memorial Cottage
Sharon (Town)*
Tunbridge
Tunbridge Gore (Hyrum Smith born here)
Royalton (Town)
Bethel (Joseph Smith, Sr., taught school here)
Randolph (Town)
Rutland (Oliver Cowdery born near here)
White River Junction

* In reading early Church history the word *Town* should be read *Township*.

Lebanon, New Hampshire (Smith family lived in the Town of Lebanon)
Hanover, New Hampshire (Hiram Smith attended Dartmouth Academy, now University, here)
Norwich, Vermont (Smith family moved from here to Palmyra)

WHITINGHAM—WHITINGHAM CENTER (VERMONT) AREA

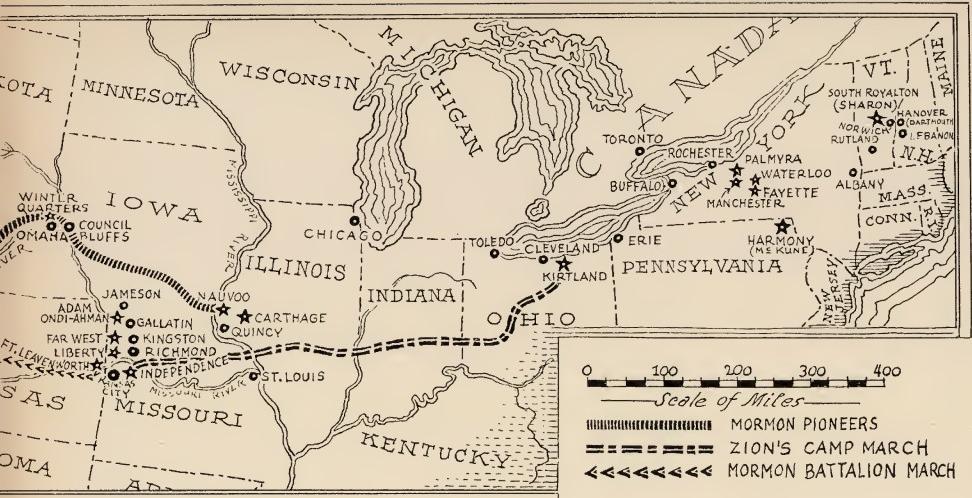
Whitingham (Town)
Whitingham (Village)
Whitingham Center
Town Hill
Jacksonville

ROCHESTER—PALMYRA—MANCHESTER— CANANDAIGUA (NEW YORK) AREA

Palmyra Village
Town of Palmyra
Macedon (Joseph Smith Farm)
Town of Manchester
Manchester (Village)
Sacred Grove
Stafford Settlement
Stafford Street School
Clark Chase Farm (Seer Stone found here)
Hill Cumorah
Canandaigua

AURELIUS—AUBURN—PORT BYRON (NEW YORK) AREA

(Scene of Brigham Young's activities in his youth)
Aurelius (Town)
Stony Point (Brigham Young married here)



HISTORIC TOUR PLANNED FOR BRIGHAM YOUNG STATUE AND MEMORIAL EXERCISES

In the national Capitol Building at Washington, D. C., a marble statue of President Brigham Young will be unveiled with impressive exercises, on Thursday, June 1—anniversary of his birth June 1, 1801.

On Monday, May 29 (three days earlier), a beautiful monument made of Vermont granite will be unveiled at Whitingham, Vermont, birthplace of the great pioneer leader.

To afford an opportunity for those who desire to participate on both occasions, a Church history pilgrimage is being planned. Tentative arrangements include following a considerable portion of the Pioneer Trail between Salt Lake City and Nauvoo, a part of Zion's Camp route to Kirtland, then to South Royalton, Vermont, and participation in the memorial service at

Whitingham, Brigham Young's birthplace.

On the return journey, tentative plans include a trip through Massachusetts to Albany, New York; a ride along the Susquehanna River from Oneonta to Bainbridge, Colesville, and Harmony, then to New York City, Philadelphia, and Washington to participate in the statue unveiling.

From Washington the tentative route is to St. Louis, Independence, Liberty, Richmond, Far West, Adam-ondi-Ahman, Denver, and Salt Lake City.

The tour will occupy about two weeks. Official guide will be John D. Giles. Cost of the tour and other details will be ready for publication shortly after March 1. For information write *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, 1, Utah.

and Heber C. Kimball lived and first heard the gospel here)

Mendon (Village)

Mendon (Town)

Victor

HARMONY—COLESVILLE—BINGHAMTON (PENNSYLVANIA—NEW YORK) AREA

Harmony (Town)

McCune Settlement

Oakland (Town, Present)

Susquehanna

Harpursville

Colesville (Town—Nineveh)

South Bainbridge (Now Afton)

Bainbridge

Norwich

Great Bend

Binghamton

FAYETTE—WATERLOO (NEW YORK) AREA

Fayette (Village)

Fayette (Town—Peter Whitmer home)

Waterloo

KIRTLAND—MENTOR—PAINESVILLE—CHARDON (OHIO) AREA

Kirtland

Mentor

Fairport

Painesville

Chardon

HIRAM—MANTUA—RAVENNA (OHIO) AREA

Hiram (Town)

Mantua (Town—Lorenzo Snow's birthplace)

Shalersville

Ravenna

(Concluded on following page)

A CHURCH HISTORY TRAVEL SERVICE

(Concluded from preceding page)

INDEPENDENCE—LIBERTY—RICHMOND—
FAR WEST—ADAM—ONDI—AHMAN
(MISSOURI) AREA
Independence (Jackson County)
Liberty (Clay County)
Richmond (Ray County)
Far West (Caldwell County, Kingston)
Adam—ondi—Ahman (Daviess County—
Galatin—Jameson)
Catawba Store (Haun's Mill)
Breckenridge

NAUVOO—MONTROSE—CARTHAGE—RAMUS
—KEOKUK—(ILLINOIS—IOWA) AREA

Nauvoo (Commerce)

Montrose

Carthage

Ramus (now Webster)

Keokuk (Iowa)

Hamilton

Warsaw

Quincy

. COUNCIL BLUFFS—OMAHA—WINTER
QUARTERS—(IOWA—NEBRASKA) AREA

Council Bluffs

Kanesville (Now Council Bluffs)

Miller's Hollow (Now also Council Bluffs)

Winter Quarters (Florence—now Omaha)

TORONTO—DOWNSVIEW—BLACK CREEK
—BRANTFORD—(ONTARIO, CANADA)
AREA

Brantford (Gospel first preached in Canada
here)

Mt. Pleasant

Waterford

Toronto

Downdownview (Charleston)

Black Creek (John Taylor, Joseph and
Mary Fielding and others baptized here)

Hamilton

Niagara Falls (Ontario)

Other areas will be mapped and
described later.

The purpose of these articles is three-fold: first, to encourage greater interest in Church history, especially among young people; second, to make available to those who plan trips to places of importance in Church history information that will enable them to see the places still existing and to get the most pleasure and benefit from their visits; third, to encourage a wider knowledge of the location of important historical places in order that those who travel for other purposes may avail themselves of the privilege of visiting historic points when they pass near them.

Another reason for this series is the belief that a distinct service can be rendered to the members of the Church by making this information available to members of priesthood quorums, Sunday School classes, and other groups who are studying

Church history. With the relative locations of various places in mind the picture will be much clearer and the facts longer remembered.

The first series of maps and articles will cover the major historical areas of Church history. If advisable, other areas not so well-known but still of great interest and importance will be treated such as Topsfield, Massachusetts, ancestral home of the Smith family, San Diego (Mormon Battalion); Fort Bridger and Independence Rock, Wyoming; Van Buren, Arkansas; Tiffin, (Oliver Cowdery) Amherst, and Oberlin, Ohio; Zion, Jackson County, Missouri; and others.

In the April issue the area to be treated will be that of the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the Town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. Information will be given showing routes to South Royalton, nearest village to the memorial farm, how to reach the Memorial Cottage, and other places in that area. Then will follow the Palmyra — Manchester area and one area of major interest each month. When the series has been completed, *Improvement Era* readers will be able to refer to the magazines in their own libraries and find the answers to many questions that now bother them. By securing extra copies of the strip maps and itinerary sheets for a few cents each such a file can be kept for ready reference.

The *Improvement Era* is glad to be able to render this service to its readers and hopes that it will be received as another effort on the part of this big home magazine to be helpful to the Church and its membership.

The service necessarily will be limited to the material published in the ERA each month and the strip maps and itineraries which will be available at nominal cost.



On The Bookrack

(Concluded from page 170)

contains one hundred selections from eighty-six authors. It includes such dramatic tales as the *Mutiny of the Bounty* by Captain Bligh himself, *Pitcairn's Island* by Sir John Barrow, which inspired James Norman Hall to visit the South Seas and thus provided a source for the *Bounty* trilogy. Into the book come the famous men, best known for their contribution to the field of literature, but who came to be known as explorers and colonizers.

—M. C. J.

ANSWER WITHOUT CEASING
(Margaret Lee Runbeck. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. 333 pages. \$3.00.)

THIS volume contains thirty hopeful and helpful stories which indicate that our Heavenly Father is available if only we will approach him and ask his aid. This is a companion book to *The Great Answer* which the author wrote several years ago and which has given encouragement and assistance to its many readers. In fact, it was from one of the letters about that book that the author took the title for this book. *Answer Without Ceasing* will make an invaluable book for the home library and an exceptional book to send to those who need comfort and help.—M. C. J.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(John A. Pollard. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1949, 615 pages. \$6.00.)

THE subtitle of the book, "friend to man," indicates the type of person Whittier was and properly evidences the fact that he was a well-rounded person whose poetry wholesomely records his interests. The very wideness of his interests probably holds the secret of his popularity as a poet. He stated his conviction: "What avail great talents if they be not devoted to goodness?" and lived by that creed. A firm believer in democracy, he advocated every principle that would assure its preservation. Because he was a kindly man does not mean that he was benign only; at times he displayed the courage and the fighting power of a warrior, although as a Quaker he decried war.

Whittier was foremost in the great movements of his day. He became a leader in the abolitionist movement, whose cause he valiantly advanced in his voluminous newspaper editorials and poems. He was also a founder of the Republican party. In one of his poems he showed his ideal to be:

"... to render less
The sum of human wretchedness."
—M. C. J.

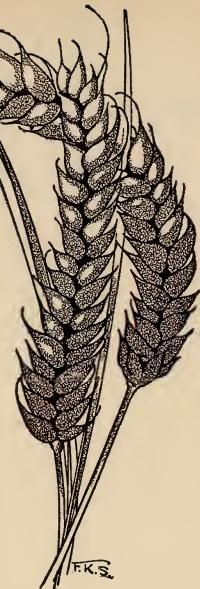
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The SOIL

and the MICROBE

By Dr. Thomas L. Martin

DEAN, COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



F.K.S.

GREAT men have looked to the heavens for evidences of divinity at work. The poet, as one evidence, has been impressed when he has observed nature's handiwork in the field of flowers. On one occasion a poet did write,

Flower in the crannies wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Tennyson

These comments make a man pause and reflect on the cause of things. He contemplates nature's activities and often finds that which makes him feel that there is design or purpose in nature.

One cannot help enjoying an Old Testament reference found in Job, chapters 11 and 12, in which is described a conversation carried on by Job and his comforter, Zophar. Zophar is said to have asked Job the question,

Canst thou by searching find out God?
canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? (Job 11:7-8.)

Job answered and said,

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

But I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you. . . .

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee:

Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.

Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? (Job 12:2-3; 7-9.)

Is it possible that Job saw in the earth what the soil microbiologist sees today? The microbiologist sees the invisible microbes at work, forty billion of them in every pound of soil, in all sorts of shapes and sizes, working with dead plant materials and soil particles, liberating essential plant food elements, and taking very little time for rest in between each phase of their many activities.

The soils—man sees them engaged in attacking even disease germs and killing them so that they cannot give trouble to human beings. These soil organisms develop miracle drugs such as penicillin and streptomycin and make it possible for these substances to be extracted from the soil to be used later by experts for the control of the germs which would shorten man's life upon the earth. The soils—man who specializes in a study of the life in the soil sees these germs liberating by-products

which contribute to the ease of working of the soil and also makes possible soil conservation practices so necessary for the preservation of our great national heritage. This life in the soil builds up and makes available for man many growth-promoting substances such as vitamins which are used to improve man's health and lengthen his stay upon the earth. These organisms do indeed determine where, how, and when a man shall live.

So-impressed was one writer after studying this soil life that he stated that the soil population gives evidences of

. . . good and evil, peace and war, co-operation and enmity. They mean so much to man that without them man would have no food, no clothing, no wood to build houses, and the world would become uninhabitable.

One cannot contemplate this wonderful piece of nature activity without becoming impressed. If the soil microorganisms and their activities should have been left out in the original planning of this earth's creation, then the earth would have continued to be without form, and void and darkness would still be upon the face of the deep.



THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

CONCLUSION

The colorful history of the San Juan country of southern Utah has long been a favorite with the English family of readers. For the complete story of Posey, see the serial, "The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain," by Albert R. Lyman, beginning on page 598 of the October 1936 issue of *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*. Additional details of the San Juan colonization may be found in the continued story, "Hide in the Rock," by Anna Prince Redd, beginning in the January 1947 *Era*, page 16.

THIEVES, drouth, dead markets, a bill in Congress proposing to oust them from all their possessions, and now the prospect of building the cribs again on a costly foundation which at best was but a temporary structure and might be rendered useless at any time! Men dropped their hands and relaxed in despair. Yet in the face of all these discouragements Bishop Nielson advised his people to stay, reminding them they had two big, unattained objectives yet ahead. "I've helped to pioneer six Utah towns," he said, "and I'm too old and worn-out to begin again. The only move to which I look forward now is the move I shall make when they carry me to the graveyard on the hill."

He was in his latter seventies, and he still worked as hard and as long as other men, and in their great love for him his people thought his fidelity was worthy of a better cause. All the same most of them thought a move was inevitable, and another letter was sent to the leaders of the Church, asking them to come again, look the situation over, and say whether they still required the people to stay.

In answer to their petition Brigham Young, Jr., Anthon H. Lund, and George Teasdale, of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, came all the way from Salt Lake City, a journey of at least three long days by team from the nearest railroad station, Thompson Springs.

"Your task in this country is not accomplished," they said. "This is a very important post; and the great objective in calling you here has not yet been reached."

In the face of all these discouragements Bishop Nielson advised his people to stay.

By Albert R. Lyman

After emphasizing what had been said to the people of the mission on two previous occasions, that the mission was of tremendous importance and would have to be carried on by them or by some other people, the three men asked of each man individually if he were willing to stay. Every man in the meeting consented for them to write his name as one who could be depended on to stay, and Brigham Young, Jr., wrote every name in a little book he carried in his pocket.

Silent forces were already at work to bring about many changes. That bill, hanging fire in Congress like a sword suspended by a hair over San Juan for years, resulted at length in the appointment of a special committee to visit the country and see if it were a fit place for the Piutes to live. That committee, astonished and amazed at the un-



The committee's adverse report exploded the dreamers' arguments for a legal Indian reservation in

A SPECIAL COMMITTEE appointed by Congress reported that San Juan was decidedly unfit for the Piutes. Its lack of good streams and farming land, its rock, its sand, and its drouth made it the wrong country in which to civilize a wild people.

usual region through which they were conducted by guides from Bluff, reported that San Juan was decidedly unfit for the Piutes. Its lack of good streams and farming land, its rocks, its sand, and its drouth made it the wrong kind of country in which to civilize a wild people. Worse than that, its many dens and barriers, its mountain passes, and its corners of safe retreat had already emboldened the Indians to do what they never would have dared to undertake in some other country, and the longer they lived in San Juan the worse they would be.

San Juan, and someone awoke feebly to the fact that the Piutes had never yet acknowledged the authority of the United States, and it was again proposed that they be appointed a reservation and placed within its boundaries.

When the Piutes understood they were not to be approved among their ancient retreats but to be sent to some other country, they resolved as before to do their own appointing and stay in the region of their little valleys east of Elk Mountain. If it had been the Navajos, twenty or thirty thousand strong, a Kit Carson would have been on the job to

put teeth into the government's orders, but with this pesky little snarl of Piutes, spoiled children requiring more attention than they were worth, the easy thing, if they began to snivel and threaten, was to let them do just as they pleased. That is exactly what they did, crowding exultantly about their freedom from all outside orders.

The killing of that reservation bill, although it eliminated one source of uncertainty, had no more effect on the drouth than it had on the Piutes. The dry spell hung on till that bill was remembered as a lost possibility. The winds blew the grass up by the roots and carried the loose soil out of the fields. The mountains could not be seen for clouds of dust, and the whole face of the country was dark and dreary like the most wretched region in the world. Those who stayed, besides the immovable natives, stayed because of their uncompromising devotion to the mission or because they were too poor to move.

Like a bright rift in the dark clouds, through which welcome sunshine pours into the gloom, the signs and figures of prosperity began to appear in the drouth. That Co-op sheepherd, which they had bought at a seemingly extortionate price to keep the people from being driven out of the country, had increased steadily, even through the dry years, till the bishop who advised them in the first place to buy

he still held. This gave them the key to most of the Blue Mountain, cleared now of most of its undesirables where the outlaw empire had flourished. Monticello rose up from her humiliations and abuse and became the county seat.

Finding themselves more prosperous as the drouth broke, the old settlers bought the big Cunningham ranch at LaSal. They bought out the Dark Canyon Cattle Company and a number of smaller concerns, and before they were aware of it, they controlled the whole of San Juan County, a region more than six times as extensive as the state of Rhode Island.

Prosperity came as the bright sunshine after the storm. With the whitefaced cattle increasing in the big grass, a new and long-hoped-for era was ushered in. The old log huts with their dirt roofs disappeared one at a time to be replaced by homes of brick and stone. Bluff became, with one exception, the wealthiest town for its population west of the Mississippi River. Much of what had been implied in the repeated promises of prosperity to the holders of the fort if they would

Piute Frank, an old fanatic, bent half-double with some spinal disorder, was the grand high priest of their ignorance at the opening of this century.

No white man, though he lived in their country and saw them every day, could give any complete list of their killings. No white man got far enough into their mysterious world to discern how many men, women, and children came under the deadly ban of their superstitions. In that Piute world, as distant from the United States and about as well known as if it had been on the moon, lived ghoulish creatures and monsters defying all description. In their narrow world they held tenaciously to their ancient customs, the same as if the United States had not come and reached all around them for hundreds of miles in every direction. When a man, woman, or child became burdensome from sickness or advanced age, he was thrust out of the wigwam without blankets on some fierce night to perish from exposure or he was left to die for needed attention in some camp from which they were moving. They might return to burn the corpse in a heap of dry limbs or they might avoid the place for years. Major Problem Two, chronic and complicated, was at the

(Continued on page 216)

WHEN the Piutes understood they were not to be approved among their ancient retreats, they resolved to do their own appointing and stay in the region of their little valleys east of Elk Mountain.

it as a company herd, advised them now to buy it as individuals.

The old settlers of San Juan began to realize that they had survived the drouth, while the winds with their dust clouds had blown most of the buzzards off their roosts and out of the country, guns and all, purifying the range and making it safer than it had been for years. The builders of the fort took heart and bought Carlisle's ranch and the flock of sheep which



Appointed by some strange fate to take a prominent part in the impending trouble was Posey.

carry on seemed to be budding into reality. And yet Problem Two, the Piutes, who had never yet been made a part of the United States, remained deeply rooted in all their evil precedents, a sure prophecy of serious trouble.

San Juan, the Piute melting pot for outlaw Indian blood, was sure, as such pots are always sure, to bring forth a more vigorous type.



WE'LL be in love some day, you and I. But I'm not sure I know you now. Some day, somewhere we will discover each other.

I'm fresh home from the mission field, still feeling the way only a returned missionary can feel, still floating on memories too new to be dim. And, dream girl, I'm looking for you.

Two years ago I was one of the boys, running the race of popularity—more concerned with sharp styles and good-looking cars than anything else. Along with the few serious moments given to school and study, to quorum meetings and Sunday School, there was all the frolic of the modern merry-go-round. Girls then were for fun, not for keeps. If they could dance and had pretty eyes or a cute smile, I had an occasional "case" on them. But marriage seemed a long way off.

Then came the call, the farewell, the field. I was a missionary. There was the humbling realization of my greenishness and the regrets that I hadn't spent more hours gaining an understanding of the plan of living. I worked and studied and prayed. With new understanding of the precepts of Christ came new determination to live them, and what had been a vague inner assurance became a burning testimony. I began tasting what is only a word until you do taste it—joy—an exalted happiness that dwarfed the passing pleasures I had thought so desirable only yesterday. I began to comprehend the deeper significance of love and marriage and the family. I began thinking serious thoughts about the girl of the future—about you, dream girl—wondering, like all who are young, where you were and how I would know you.

I met people. I was startled by their kind of life—by their kind of marriage and home. Doors opened, revealing husbands and wives whose faces showed bitterness and disillusionment. I saw neglectful parents and neglected children. I saw a ten-year-old who preferred the gloom of a pool hall to arguments at home. I heard a mother try to explain to her tiny daughter why Daddy, who had been drunk for three days, wasn't home for

home. You would want to be a mother.

I brought home with me the knowledge that the gospel is essential to true happiness—and part of the gospel is you.

I don't want to lose that knowledge, dream girl. Because if I do, I will lose everything—my title to happiness and my right to marry



dinner. I saw a husband and wife treat each other like enemies and their home like a prison. For the first time in my life I realized that marriage could be misery.

How different was the home of the young Latter-day Saint couple I met. Love for each other and for the gospel was in their every act. I saw them hold family prayers even though their "family" consisted so far of only one toddling two-year-old . . . a baby boy who one day asked his mother, who was lying pale on the couch, "Sick, Mommie?" and when he somehow understood that she was, fell to his knees and began praying for her. I could see the love in that family's eyes and feel the happiness—yes, the joy—in their home.

Before my eyes was the contrast—the contrast between couples who with differing attitudes and opposing religions married in the world's way, and couples who with common ideals and common purposes married in the divine way. I realized now that the advice of Church leaders to marry in the Church and in the temple was wisdom. I knew that it was inspired of God!

And so, dream girl, I thought of you. You, I told myself, would know what I knew. You would want to share the joy that would come from walking through life with the Lord at our side. You would want to go to the temple. You would want to be queen of the greatest kingdom on earth—the



you. But not wanting to is not enough. There are things I know I must do and things I must not do. For one thing, I know that association with evil leads to acceptance of evil. The best way for me to remain clean and faithful is to associate with young men and women who are clean and faithful.

And so I'm not interested in the girl who gives her lips freely—the girl who is immodest in dress and conduct. I'm not interested in the girl who changes her standards to fit her company—the girl who can see nothing wrong with an occasional cigaret or an occasional drink or occasional immorality. My mission taught me that a lot of what we youth like to call broad-mindedness is evil, and that the phrase "just

once won't matter" can be traced to the prince of lies. I'm not looking for you among questionable companions. I'm not looking for you at shady parties—because, dream girl, you're not there.

You will not be the kind of girl who cares nothing and knows nothing about homemaking. Marriage will bring us face-to-face with the

other for what we want to be as well as for what we are. And when we don't see eye-to-eye, we will kneel hand-in-hand and seek the inspiration of the Father.

So there you are—in my dreams.

There will not be many tomorrows until we meet. And when we do, I will still enjoy dating and dancing, still laugh with you, still relish good clean fun. But I will

Does she know enough of money and its value to help us move forward financially, enough of health and dietetics to care wisely for our family, enough of culture and education to teach our children to love the good and beautiful in life?

Can I picture us dreaming and working together—sharing the bumps and stumps as well as the successes?

Can I picture us kneeling together in harmony, thanking the Lord for each other?

You will wonder about me in the same way.

Because we know what we know and feel what we feel, love and marriage will be sacred to us. And if we keep ourselves unspotted from the world, if we prepare for each other—and if we pray to Him who knows our hearts—we will be brought together. When that day comes, I will find it easy to love you, because, dream girl, the Lord loves you.

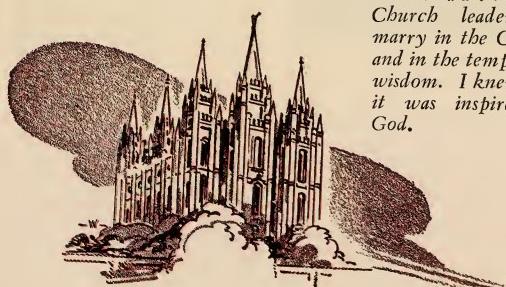
Big Girl

*By a Recently
Returned Missionary*

down-to-earth problems of living. There will be meals to prepare and dishes to wash, clothes to care for, and dirt to battle. There will be budgeting and sacrificing. There will be all the cares and responsi-

sense the inner part of you, too. I will feel your faith—your love for God. I will not be concerned with your popularity as much as with your spirituality, with your face and figure as much as with your

I realized now that the advice of Church leaders to marry in the Church and in the temple was wisdom. I knew that it was inspired of God.



bilities of parenthood. Going through the temple is not a magic solution of the problems of life. It is their beginning. And that's why we both must spend some time preparing for the responsibilities we will carry as husband and wife, and as parents.

Neither of us will be perfect, dream girl. But we will love each

ideas and ideals, with your ability to dance as much as with your ability to make a home. I will see you as my future queen. And I will wonder:

Is she close enough to the Lord to want a temple marriage?

Will she make our house into a home—and want to bring children into it?

A Glimpse Into CHINESE GENEALOGY

By Jessie H. Lindsey

ONE of the most interesting couples I have had the privilege of meeting through genealogical and temple work is Brother Kwai Shoon Lung and his charming wife Gladys, with whom I have had many interesting conversations about the gospel. Brother Lung is a pharmacist at the Queen's Hospital in Honolulu and is well loved and respected by the hospital staff as well as by many friends in the Church. He speaks five dialects in Cantonese, and has studied Mandarin and can converse a little in it. He is a quiet, refined gentleman, and he and his wife are faithful temple workers and rarely miss a temple session. They are deeply interested in genealogy and are doing a fine work in that field.

Brother Lung related the following to me in our conversations pertaining to genealogy.

The people in China consider that to know their ancestors as far back as possible is of great importance. Confucius said, "When one drinks water, he should know its source; hence we should know where we come from." Once every year a big memorial festival is held in honor of the dead ancestors of each family or clan. This memorial begins one hundred days after winter begins (which makes it about the twenty-first of December or near our Christmas time) and lasts one week for each generation, starting with about the fourth great-grandparent and coming down to the present generation. It is called *Ching Ming* and consists of offering sacrifices by burning candles and incense in front of the food and is strictly a family affair. The food consists of fowl, fish, pork, rice, and tea.

There are four big festivals held in China every year; they are as follows:

- (1). *Tung Chit*, or Chinese Thanksgiving (our Christmas)
- (2). *Sun Nin*, or Chinese New Year, held thirty days after *Tung Chit*
- (3). *Ching Ming*, or Memorial Festival mentioned above, which is held one hundred days after winter begins



Brother and Sister Lung pictured with the author

(4). *Chung Chow*, or Moon Festival, which is always the fifteenth day of the eighth month, Chinese calendar, or about our September

Brother Lung's testimony is as follows:

After having investigated the gospel for over a year and being



PHOTOSTATIC COPY OF GENEALOGICAL CHART
IN CHINESE

convinced that it was the true church, I was baptized April 1, 1944, on my fiftieth birthday. Prior to joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I was a staunch believer in Confucius. I had studied the works of Confucius, and when I read the Bible, I found many similarities of which I quote one: Confucius said, "What you don't want for yourself, don't give to others." The Bible said, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

I am thankful for the priesthood that I hold and for the privilege to enter the temple with my good wife and of doing the work for ourselves as well as for our dead ancestors.

I knew my family records were kept in a joss-house in my father's village in China, so I wrote to my sister-in-law for my genealogy, and she had someone copy the records. (A joss-house is a shrine or temple where the names of the dead are recorded.) Each village has a joss-house where they record births, deaths, and some marriages. Some clans record the male names only, while other clans record both the male and female names. (My wife belongs to a clan that records both.) I told my genealogy class that I had a vision one night, in which I saw many of my dead kindred beckoning me to work for them. Three days later I received an answer from my sister-in-law with the records enclosed, twenty-two pages written on both sides in Chinese characters, containing, besides genealogy, historical sketches of each ancestor, account of the removal of the bones (a custom which is sacred to the Chinese), and an inventory of the rice and rice fields left from one generation to another, dating back as far as 1221 A. D. As my clan only recorded male names, I was unable to obtain very many female names. I am now translating these Chinese characters on family record sheets into English, and expect to have between two and three hundred families when I am completed.

I have a great work ahead of me and feel that my dead ancestors
(Concluded on page 211)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A talk given by Patricia Sykes, a Gleaner Girl in the Edmonton Branch of the Western Canadian Mission.

MY TWO HOPE CHESTS

PRACTICALLY every girl in the world has a secret or inward desire to become a wife and mother, and thus many of us have started to fill hope chests, thinking that some day the articles we have worked on and put carefully away after completion will be of use in our own homes.

How many of us have thought of storing away spiritual things which will make these homes happier and more worth while? I like to think that every girl who intends to marry has two hope chests to fill. In one, she places the material things of the world, and in the other she stores away spiritual things that she has had to work on in order to secure.

To begin with, I have my spiritual hope chest which is life itself, for without an earthly tabernacle in which to put my spirit, I would have nothing. This hope chest was a gift from my mother and father, and I am very thankful to them for it.

The first article that was started for my hope chest was one of "Faith." This I have compared to a large quilt which was started when I was about five and which I finished several years ago. But I have many more quilts to finish in order to marry and rear a family, and the pattern of each will be intricate and difficult. The quilts must be sewn together with strong, sure stitches, each stitch representing prayer to my Father in heaven to strengthen my faith. A family needs many quilts to keep warm and comfortable, so I must have many quilts to protect from the cold, blustery winters of life.

MARCH 1950



-Photograph by Alfred Blithe, Edmonton

PATRICIA SYKES

Stitches, or prayers, are very important in practically anything in my spiritual hope chest, and I have been taught every different type by very capable hands, those of my mother.

When I was nine, I received a gift which was also given by my parents, a beautiful gift of pearls, which you would know by the name of "Repentance and Baptism." These are pearls of great price and are not available to those not in the Church. These pearls will enable me to marry in the temple of the Lord, and therefore they become more valuable, in my eyes, as I get older. Every boy and girl in the Church receives a gift to compare to these pearls, usually when they are eight, and it should be priceless in the eyes of its owners.

The next thing I stored away was the gift of the Holy Ghost. This is a large, white, and beautiful cloak which covers me from head to foot, and which is at my disposal any time. It helps to keep me clean and spotless, and I have made use of it many times. The remarkable thing about it is that as long as I live a good life, it will never wear out.

Next in my hope chest is a large book, bound together with thick, sturdy stitches—a cookbook divided into many sections; soups,

meats, vegetables, bread, cakes, with each recipe tested by wonderful cooks—the pioneer women. You would recognize this as the doctrines of the gospel, with the sections as the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price, the Articles of Faith. This book will be my way of keeping a family spiritually strong and healthy, and I can see where I must do much reading and studying of these recipes of life in order to give my children a well-balanced diet. I must also be sure that their individual needs are taken care of and that no member of my family becomes sickened on one thing.

I have many other articles started, and many more to begin; dish towels, for instance: they will take time and a lot of stitches. These will be known as "Patience." You can never have too much patience, understanding, and tolerance, no matter how much time you have spent acquiring these and how often you have prayed concerning them.

I have also started a collection of rare spices and perfumes. In everyday life these would be known as "a sense of humor." Perhaps it can't be compared to

(Concluded on page 214)

DEAR LAND of

By Elsa Pedersen

BEAR COVE is a peaceful place. Its calm waters are almost landlocked by rolling hills rising ridge after ridge, to towering peaks covered with perpetual snow. From water's edge to timberline these hills are covered with somber spruce trees, patterned here and there with patches of vivid birch, while serpentine growths of alder mark every gully. Except for one narrow channel to the sea, Bear Cove might be a quiet mountain lake. Its green-blue waters rise and fall with the tides but are never whipped into furious waves or pounded by relentless swells.

The waterfowl have found this haven and claim it for their own. A half-dozen pairs of scoters patrol its hidden bights, diving for mussels, playfully nipping each other's feet. The loons, too, swim and

dive in graceful movements and send their haunting cry echoing among the hills morning and evening.

Yes, Bear Cove is a peaceful place. It is my home.

Six years ago Ted and I left the war-crowded San Francisco bay area and headed north. For him it was a homecoming, as he was born and reared in Alaska. I knew nothing more of wilderness life than I had learned from camping trips in my childhood in Utah.

We were tired of being pushed around on crowded busses, crowded streets, and in crowded stores. We were fed up with breathing smoky air, inhaling gasoline fumes. Most of all we were weary of wasting our lives on a host of meaningless inconsequential things.

Bear Cove has been a remedy for all that. Here we have found the quiet, the peace, and solitude we yearned for. The air is sparkling, and every lung full is bodily nourishment. And amid the grandeur of nature the petty nuisances of life have disappeared, leaving the stern essentials that are a challenge to our minds and bodies.

When we arrived, there was nothing but wilderness. So dense was the forest we had to cut down trees to pitch our tents. From beach to campsite was a struggle through alders and drooping spruce. An icy creek chucked past the door, and we dipped water from a fern-grown pool.

Within six weeks the picture was different. Several hundred trees had fallen to our saw. With each of us manning one end of a buck saw, we felled the trees. Then while Ted chopped off the limbs, I carried them to the fire. Most of the stumps we left. Some we burned or pulled out with our winch.

Our camp was snug and comfortable. Two tents, nine by twelve, were pitched side by side. One was the cookhouse, the other the bedroom and storeroom. The cookhouse we set up on three-foot log walls so that we had plenty of head room.

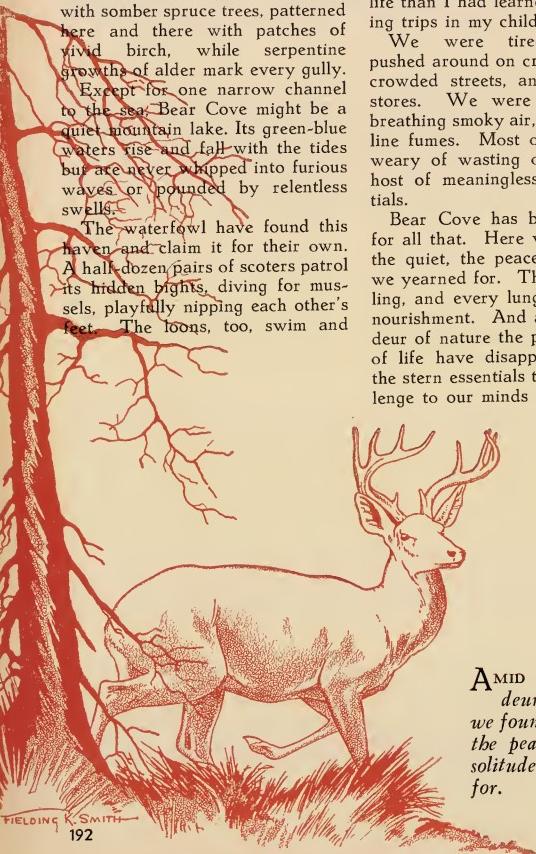
For nearly two years these tents were our home. The first winter we cut cabin logs. They seasoned during the summer, and the following winter Ted built the cabin.

We didn't suffer. Tents are easy to keep warm, and the stoves were never permitted to go out. That made the snow melt as soon as it hit the canvas, and we were never in danger of a cave-in. As the depth of the snow increased—one winter, to five feet—we banked it around the tents, and it added to our comfort.

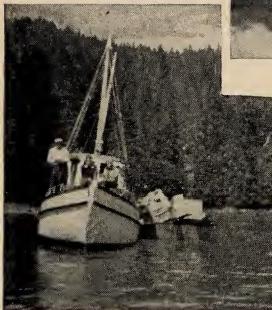
Now, although we have a snug and cozy cabin, we look back at our "pioneer" days with nostalgia and good humor. They were among the happiest of our lives.

There is a tremendous satisfaction in building one's own home. Now I can sit back, gaze at the golden, oil-stained logs, and reflect, "I helped saw down every tree that went into the making of our home."

AMID the grandeur of nature we found the quiet, the peace, and the solitude we yearned for.



HOME



The wilderness of Bear Cove as we saw it on arrival

Some of the logs have their individual history. One gave Ted an unexpected bath. We had cut it in a draw some distance from the clearing. The best way to get it home was to drag it to salt water, float it around, and hoist it up the bank. It was a balky thing, resisting at every yard. Patiently Ted worked, tugging and pushing, prying it around roots and jacking it over logs until it was nearly at the water's edge. Triumphant he gave a mighty jerk. The log slid easily across a mossy rock. Ted lost his footing. A moment later he was floundering in the chilly waters of Bear Cove.



At Bear Cove we found everything we expected of Alaska

In contrast, the ridgepole won its eminence by good behavior. We had three perfect logs for the roof. One would be the ridgepole, the other two the purlins. We could not decide what their order would be. Two of the logs were at the site, the other on a low ridge five hundred yards behind the cabin. We decided to drag it down to compare and decide. We peeled the log so it would slide nicely on the skim of new snow that covered the forest floor. Ted lined it up, aiming it for the cabin. Then he put a sling underneath to give it a start, while I sat down and braced myself with my feet against the butt.

At his signal we gave a mighty "heave-ho," and the log started on its way. It slithered down the slope between trees, over roots, around clumps of brush. Every second we expected it to hang up. Jubilantly we dashed behind it, encouraging it as though it were alive. Several times it paused and nearly stopped then gathered speed and went on. Out of the woods it slid, and across the clearing. For one

desperate moment it seemed to be headed past the cabin and over the bank into the water.

Then it stopped with a thud. Eagerly we ran forward to see where it had landed. The tip of the log rested against the middle sill log, directly below the place where it should be. Our ridgepole had chosen itself.

Nature is very generous to us at Bear Cove. From the woods and hills, in season we get our meat supply — moose and mountain sheep. Moose meat compares favorably to the finest beef in flavor, texture, and color. Sheep meat is fat and rich and must be eaten only in sparing amounts.

We also hunt grouse and ptarmigan and rabbits. Within a few miles are broad river flats, the feeding grounds for thousands of ducks and geese. A fat young bear shot on the hillside in the berry patches is a true delicacy. I particularly like the bear grease for cooking. It does not solidify and, when combined with moose tallow, makes the best kind of shortening, to be saved for pies and special-occasion biscuits.

(Concluded on following page)



I helped saw down every tree that went into the making of our home



Exploring a new pass, investigating a lake we spotted from a lofty ridge

DEAR LAND OF HOME

(Concluded from preceding page)

The icy waters of Bear Cove give us salmon, halibut, herring, flounders, crab, and shrimp, while we dig clams on the beach in front of our place.

Wild berries are abundant—cranberries, pungent mossberries, black currants, and acres of blueberries on the hillsides above timberline.

We get all the coal we want, without cost. Across the bay the sandstone cliffs are interlined with broad veins of coal. Erosion wears away the sandstone leaving the coal protruding from the cliffs. Finally the coal breaks off and tumbles to the beach. We need only load it into our boat and bring it home.

All the traveling is done by boat. Seldovia is thirty miles from Bear Cove by water. Because of the heavily indented shoreline, the distance to town by land would be nearly two hundred miles. The country between is so rugged and broken that there is no question of a road ever being built.

Not many women live in this section and those who do usually stay close to home. The first year we lived here I saw only three women and nine men. I rarely go to Seldovia more than once a year but do not miss social life.

This life is not for everyone. In the six years we have lived here, we have seen six couples come, stay a few years, then leave. At present there are one other couple and one bachelor living in the Cove, with three places vacant and for sale.

We have no trouble keeping busy and amused. There is always homestead work to do. We love to clear land. There is a great satisfaction in enlarging the clearing, letting sunshine to land that has been shadowed beneath thick forest for countless years.

By law, we have to clear and cultivate ten acres to get title to the eighty acres we have staked as our homestead. So clearing land is a necessity as well as a pleasure.

We have a garden. From the fifteenth of May until the first of August we never see the stars.

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Gray dusk shadows the darker hours. The sun rises at three in the morning and sets at ten at night. These long, light nights have an amazing effect on growing things.

Native grass grows six feet tall. One turnip fits snugly into a man's hat. Cabbages weigh from thirty to fifty pounds. Strawberries are an inch and a half in diameter. All fruits and vegetables are delicious and sound, juicy or crisp according to their nature.

We do not care to hunt for sport. When the wild animals visit us in the clearing, bringing their young to our door, we find no



Bear Cove is a peaceful place

pleasure in killing. We haven't the heart to trap and kill more than we absolutely need for food.

For diversion we hike. Holidays find us in the hills, exploring a new pass, investigating a lake we spotted from a lofty ridge. It is an awesome and sobering feeling to come upon some hidden valley and think, "Maybe we are the first white people ever to see this place."

Although we are still living somewhat primitively, in a few years things will be better. Already we have started to get out logs for a larger house. Then we will have running water, inside plumbing, modern conveniences. A nearby waterfall on which we have power rights will furnish us with electricity for lights, heat, and power tools.

While we are young, we can rough it without too much discomfort. As we grow older, however, we want to live in comfort and dignity.

At Bear Cove we found everything we expected of Alaska. On the physical side there are game, good soil, water power, an adequate timber supply. The intangibles include freedom from restraint and monotony, peace, time, and opportunity for study and mental expansion.

There is no use denying that we have our hardships as well. After we had paid for our first winter's supply of groceries, we moved to the homestead with less than a dollar in our purse. Of course we worried, but we came through all right.

As yet we can't earn enough on the homestead to supply even our simple needs, and Ted has to go away to work during the summer. Certainly I am lonely out here alone, and frightened sometimes, but now we are established and the days of separation are almost over.

If people would only realize how easy it is to achieve contentment, there would be more happiness in the world. The law of compensation is a just and righteous balance. This is what Bear Cove gave us for what we paid. For the satisfaction of being a complete partner to my husband, I gave up nice clothes, moving pictures, conventional social life. For the privilege of being his own boss, managing his own time, Ted gave up a secure but humdrum lifetime civil-service appointment. We do not have particular close family ties, so have made no sacrifice in that direction.

Lack of electric lights is offset by clean, pure air. (Neither of us has been really sick since coming here. We have colds about once every two years and haven't even had any tooth decay.)

We have to carry our water from the creek but can look at beautiful, calm, and serene Bear Cove while doing so.

We have never had a moment's regret. We think we did the right thing. To us, Bear Cove is an island of contentment in a chaotic world.



"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES..."

Petroglyph of an elephant and a man. The elephant is seven and one-half inches high and ten inches long.

By Ralph A. Badger

ONE evening President George Albert Smith spoke of having once read of petroglyphs of prehistoric animals having been found on an Indian reservation on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. He stated that he would like to know more definitely of the discovery and what it was. The conversation led to the conclusion that pictures of prehistoric animals could only have been made had man and the animals lived at the same time, as man could not draw a picture of something which he had not seen.

As I was spending considerable time photographing unusual and outstanding natural phenomena, and ancient Indian lore including Indian hogans, moqui houses, and petroglyphs, I volunteered to go to Hava Supai, an Indian reservation on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, about

thirty-five miles west of El Tovar Hotel, and see what I could find. There are two ways to go to Hava Supai—one from Peach Springs, Arizona, over the plateau for about sixty miles to Walapai, a government tin barn with an old-fashioned ring telephone in a box on the outside; the other way is the mail route from El Tovar, which goes twice a week. We took the Peach Springs route and reached Walapai about two in the afternoon. We rang the telephone, and the agent at Supai (the name of the Indian town) said that we could come down if we had all our own supplies of food and bedding. He would send an Indian with horses up for us the next day, and they should reach us about noon.

We lay down by the tin barn, and the wind blew all night. The tin rattled, and the sand, dry leaves, and small sticks—perhaps even bugs—fell on our faces and in our ears until morning. It was cold—April 6—and we didn't sleep much, but morning came with its warm sunshine, and about noon we saw an Indian winding his way up the side of the mountain toward us, leading our horses. We packed hurriedly and followed our guide down the four-thousand-foot ledge

into Hava Supai Canyon and the Indian agency headquarters.

We were in the land of the "Sky Blue Waters," where a fine stream of blue-tinted water about two feet deep and twenty feet across bubbles up from a gravel-bedded canyon and makes Indian Valley a beautiful paradise for about three miles. The water is laden with lime and mineral like that of Yellowstone Park, and it forms its own ponds and waterfalls of travertine.

The Indians have lived here for hundreds of years. The first white man known to have visited this valley was Padre Garcia, who was taken alone by Walapai Indians to this enchanted land in 1776.

The object of our trip was to find the Indian drawings, called *petroglyphs*. Where they have not been exposed to the elements, thousands of Indian drawings and paintings in Utah and Arizona have endured to this day because they

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The above petroglyph was photographed along the Colorado River below Moab, Utah.



This drawing of what is apparently a dinosaur is eleven inches high. The tail is about nine inches long.



THE Latter-day Saints have been busy as empire builders. Men and women clearing the land, breaking the soil, conquering the desert, and providing for little children, find little time to devote to cultural arts.

THE ancient art of telling stories is the best loved of all arts and has the widest appeal. A tale well told is the enlarger of every narrow life. It feeds the imagination; it cultivates the taste; it teaches understanding and appreciation of life; and, to the wise reader, it offers a criticism which vitalizes education.

Society does not demand the greatest art. The sensational and scandalous get a ready hearing because of their brand; propaganda literature circulates because power-

ful economic and political factions give it force; the confessional story flourishes because certain readers in love with the idea of love demand romance and excitement; the mystery story gravitates to the hand of the literary adventurer who thirsts for new thrills in blood and thunder.

One type of reader, much more numerous, and overlapping other types, is he who, at the end of the day, calls for a simple and heartfelt lay. True it is, that one contribution from reading is escape from

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cares of life. It does not, however, follow that to give relaxation the literature must be simple. The paradox of human taste is evident in the fact that although we call for the passing book, we never really have a good time unless we feel we are improving ourselves. Literature of escape can hardly be considered great unless it increases our awareness of life.

We conclude that books of the best-seller group may be a reflection of a spurious public taste rather than the quality of the book. Francis Hackett in his preface to the book, *On Judging Books*, says:

Why isn't it legitimate, in literature as in everything else, to give the public what it wants? When we observe how the public can be led by the nose, how it can be seduced by flatterers, bamboozled by medicine men, turned swinish by warmongers and panic-mongers, is there any hope for it? Is there any other name for it than the ugly one coined by H. L. Mencken? "Isn't the people a boobocracy?"

If we cannot depend upon public taste to choose our books, neither can we depend unfailingly upon the reviewers. These critics at times will stand at odds with the world. Too often, perhaps, they feel a desire to destroy the lot of writers except a Noah they would save. Another fallacy of depending upon the reviewer arises from his reviewing as a job. He cannot afford the luxury of expressing his own feelings.

If public or reviewers' opinions are not reliable, how may we measure literary art? Probably the criterion by which it may be judged is its universal appeal, from first reading through repetitions of many years and even centuries. To be considered great, literature must (1) have a great message of universal appeal, (2) contain beauty.

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Literature of universal appeal lives because its plots are plausible. The characters have been made to behave as human beings would behave under given circumstances. Readers identify themselves and their acquaintances with the char-

ture stand together to enrich life. The onomatopoeia of word sounds is capable in poetic combination of stirring emotion as do music and dance. Word combinations can create images in fertile minds equal to the beauty of great paintings and sculpture. The very fact that literature derives from the symbolic makes its scope broad enough to invade the fields of all other arts. The poet's eye glances from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven and with imagination gives form to things unknown. To deserve the name of literature, a composition must be built with tone, color, dimension, and perspective, out of symbolic materials at its command—the vocabulary of the language in which it is born.

The aim of all art is beauty. Beauty exists only as it is recognized and enjoyed and therefore is dependent for its existence upon the capacity of man to receive another's expression of feelings and to experience those feelings himself. The highest kind of art brings to light the truth of life and living.

To what extent have the Latter-day Saints in the first hundred

To deserve the name of literature, a composition must be built with tone, color, dimension, and perspective, out of symbolic materials at its command . . .

It is an art and its aim must be beauty, a beauty which exists only as it is recognized and enjoyed. The highest kind of art brings to light the truth of life and living . . .

years of existence produced literature with a great message of universal appeal and artistic beauty? And what might we expect in the next centenary? Our literature has not had universal appeal because we have been busy moving out of Babylon and have been content to sing our songs only for those who, like us, would come out of the world. We have been busy as empire builders. Men and women clearing the land, breaking the soil, conquering the desert, and providing

for hungry children find little time to devote to cultural arts, to meditate and write. Yet we have written.

In the other arts we have shown the world that culture need not lag in a pioneer group. In music our success has been phenomenal. We have composers whose names will stand with the immortals, and we have music interpreters of national and international fame. Our painters have been given space in the great galleries. Our sculptors have monuments to their skill, which are loved by all the world. In architectural art we struggled for forty years, always confident of eventual success, to produce one great masterpiece. Now, at the end of our first century, the world accepts the Salt Lake Temple as but one of many architectural marvels of the small, united group of Latter-day Saints.

We have produced a literature, a literature with a great message and not without beauty. Like Samuel Johnson, Latter-day Saints believe literature should instruct as well as delight. So natural has it been for us to emphasize the instructional value that we have hardly heard Pope's line, "True wit is nature to advantage dressed." In fact, we too often have not recognized literature as an art.

A dyed-in-the-wool Latter-day Saint can hardly be a member of the "art for art's sake" school. He

(Continued on following page)

COMES OF AGE

By Thomas E. Cheney

ASST PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

acters. Famous authors recognize the fundamental urges of men in all ages and treat these emotions in their composition. They pack their production with such intelligence and beauty that it yields much significance and essential beauty at the first reading. Each successive perusal becomes increasingly inspiring not only to one but also to many readers.

A book may strike a responsive emotion in many people because of its news value for the day. Yet if its message is not universal, its



popularity flares like a burning tumbleweed which, although burning with a quick, hot flame, just as quickly dies. Such a book is not great literature.

Writings, to deserve the name of literature, must be art. The six major arts: music, dance, architecture, sculpture, painting, and litera-



LATTER-DAY SAINT LITERATURE COMES OF AGE

(Continued from preceding page) is too deeply concerned about living for eternity and making the world a better dwelling for the divine, to forget instructional values. He is preoccupied with desire for reward for righteous living and with desire to avoid sin. Moral purpose is as much a part of him as are sensory impressions or daily bread. Our literature, therefore, has been limited chiefly to religious writings, much of it of a proselyting nature and often with authoritative tone which, although great in the eyes of a believer and marvelous to one of kindred spirit, falls short of universal appeal in the unbelieving world. We are at present a lamb in literary productivity with which the lion of the world will not lie down. We love our religion and its message so ardently that we would give it to the world. We have been so imbued with the revealed word, the infallible proofs, and the logic, that we have written more to inform than to inspire.

Reason grants that first it is necessary to get the food before we place it on a decorative table. Of first importance to a proselyting church is informative religious literature. That, we have written. Yet in our anxiety to stay with the important fundamentals, we have failed to produce among faithful followers writers of imaginary literature who have achieved world or even national renown. Why have we lagged in this alone of the great arts?

"If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." (13th Article of Faith.) We travel in all the world, live with the people, and accept from them the praiseworthy and lovely. With our roots in the world, the time is now ripe to sprout new branches in fiction, biography, and poetry which will receive recognition in all the world. But the problem is more easily stated than solved. The artist must communicate what he is. The idealism instilled in youth persists in our greatest thinkers who often write with emphasis on the didactic at the expense of beauty. Literature of morals found favor in a former age, but the modern has revolted. T. S. Eliot says, "I

am convinced that we fail to realize how completely, and yet how irrationally, we separate our literary from our religious judgments." He follows the secularization of literature during the last three hundred years. Bunyan and Defoe had moral purposes, he says. But since Defoe, the secularization of the novel has been continuous. At first it took religion for granted and omitted it. Fielding, Dickens, and Thackeray belong to this phase. In the next phase it doubted or contested the faith. To this belong George Eliot, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy. In the third phase, that in which we are living and to which nearly all contemporary novelists belong, are those who have never heard of the Christian faith as anything but an anachronism.

SMALL ACRES

By Anobel Armour

HERE was a salt-tang look about the man,
A narrowing of eyes when he scanned
sun,
As if he saw beyond the road's curved fan
To reefs where breakers lift and foam and
run.

These same small acres had been his since
birth
And printed on them was the hidden chart
That would restore him to the rich brown
earth
If only he could read the markings, with
his heart.

The change to sea had been as hard to
face:
Leaving home pastures where pink clover
curled
To help shape freedom in an alien place,
A length and half again across the world.

This year the planting had seemed com-
monplace, and days
Passed slowly as the grain thrust through
the field,
But now he topped a rise and through
soft haze
Saw waves of wheat surge golden, harvest
yield.

The season's cycle moved him, as before,
And lengthening his steps back down the
hill,

He, home at last, strode through his open
door
Through asters blowing purple at its sill.

In ages like our own when there is little common agreement regarding ethical standards, no true Christian or one who deserves the name of Saint, can judge literature solely by present-day literary standards. Works of the imagination must explicitly meet ethical and theological standards to be great literature to the Latter-day Saint.

Latter-day Saint culture has continued, during its entire existence, to root more deeply into world thought and culture, and there it has found nourishment. But at times and to some degree we have failed to be aware of the beauty of world literature. We have seen elements of ungodliness and have failed to search for the good it contains. We have thought we could produce something new, unaware of the truth of the maxim, "There is nothing new under the sun." The young writer who sits in the throes of literary creation and feels the thrill of inspiration as words flow from his pen often fails to realize that other great thinkers have had the same flood of glory, and that only the few have given new light to the world. Now in our second century we shall read, select, and judge great literature of the world, for we have come to the realization that, to be great writers, we must be great readers and great thinkers.

We have a message, and we have an obsession to communicate the message, the first requisite of an artistic ideal. The message of the Latter-day Saint embraces all truth; it probes the human heart and its faiths, hopes, aspirations; its sorrows, despairs, dejection; its whims, smiles, and laughter. But our obsession to communicate has not included fiction writing.

Writers have contributed to our awareness in various styles, and each has given us in his own way better understanding of life. O. Henry does it with comic vigor and good wit. His plots are simple. He prefers not to probe too deeply as he looks at each prank of fortune separately, laughs, and passes on. Willa Cather in her novels sees living as an art in which men and women have to be in some degree or other pioneers and artists both. Eugene O'Neill dips into the emo-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE ROAD TO INSPIRATION

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

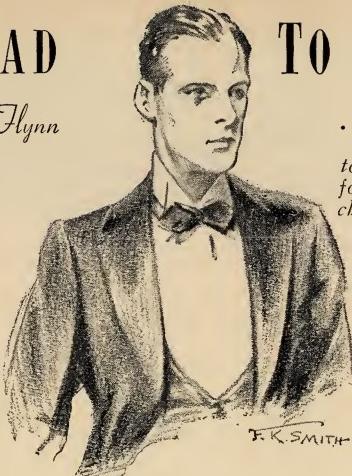
He was already a recognized pianist when I first heard him. He had been born and trained in Europe, and it was plain that his masters had been of the best. He played the great concert music with an exactness born of no ordinary talent and training. Quite evidently he was ambitious, and he was paying the price to realize his ambition.

It was in the winter of 1906 that I first saw his nimble fingers pluck beautiful sounds from the piano keys. I was a freshman in a small college in one of the Central States. He was on the school's annual lecture and concert course, presented in the city's largest theater.

The folders, brochures, and window cards that heralded his coming were impressive. I knew, for I read them all. The picture was that of a young man whose every feature indicated that he was an artist. The face also showed the settled refinement of one who had worked hard to become so. Native ability, highly cultivated—that was his story.

I was college reporter on one of the daily papers, so I often heard pressroom gossip that did not go into the printed columns; for instance, I heard it said that this artist carried his own pianos with him—two fine concert grands—so a spare would always be available if anything happened to one of them. These were taken to the place of the concert and tuned under his personal supervision before each appearance. After the tuning came his daily practice period, which was never neglected. Some of these things I heard confirmed from his own lips after he was no longer young. In those days he was exacting with everyone, including himself.

I awaited the hour of the concert with great expectation, and when it



His face was as immobile as though it had been frozen into shape.

finally came, I was one of a crowd of college students and townspeople that filled the theater to the last row of the top gallery. Musical people already knew of his growing fame. The rest had responded to the excellent publicity.

At the door I was handed a richly printed program announcing a number of the most elaborate and difficult piano selections. I could feel the atmosphere of expectancy as I took my seat and waited.

Presently the famous artist walked on to the stage—a distinguished-looking young man whose features had been well represented by the pictures. I noticed something about the contour of his forehead that was different and distinctive, but his face was as immobile as though it had been frozen into shape. Perfectly groomed and dressed in the most correctly formal manner, he bowed with stiff mechanical precision, took his seat on the mahogany bench, and began playing his first number.

I was dazzled by the perfect mastery he showed throughout the complex and difficult pieces he played. My critical abilities were limited, but I was sure it must be good, for the members of the music faculty were listening intently and applauding vigorously, now and

... If one will, he can make his dedication and begin his progress to inspired work without waiting for life and time to bring about the change ...

then whispering what seemed to be approving comments to each other.

Whenever the situation called for it, the musician rose and bowed stiffly in acknowledgment of the applause, two or three times granting short and equally technical encore numbers. When the program was finished, he left the stage, his fine face as expressionless as it had been when he entered. He had played like a master, but like an automatic one who had been wound up to do everything with complete and unfailing exactness.

I watched and listened when the notes of the last selection had died away and the really sincere applause had subsided. The audience seemed amazed rather than touched, admiring rather than responsive. On the way out I overheard one lady say to another, "That was perfect technique, if I ever saw and heard it."

The years passed by, many and swift. From musical reports in the papers I learned that midway in this man's public career his ambitions had changed. He had given up his personal concert work, or at least tapered it off till it ceased, for a service project. He had become interested in finding and developing musical talent in young people and children, and had become increasingly absorbed in it till it became his work.

He was successful at it, too, and still is. In a large western city his children's and young people's orchestras attract wide attention every season. Each one of the young people he works with has been hand-picked and developed by him. Many of them go on to orchestral or other musical careers, and do well on their own. This

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LEHI IN THE DESERT

By
Hugh Nibley
Ph. D.

The third of an enlightening series of articles on the Book of Mormon

PART III THE PROBLEM

LEHI possesses in a high degree the traits and characteristics of the model *sheikh* of the desert. He is generous, noble, impulsive, fervent, devout, and visionary, and he possesses a wonderful capacity for eloquence and dreams. As to the dreams, when the Arabs wander, they feel they must be guided by dreams, and their *sheikhs* are often gifted dreamers.¹⁰⁴ The substance of Lehi's dreams is highly significant, since men's dreams necessarily represent, even when inspired, the things they see by day, albeit in strange and wonderful combinations. It is common for men in every age, for example, to dream of ships, but a man in Lehi's day must dream of particular kinds of ships, and no others will do.

In his dreams Lehi finds himself wandering "in a dark and dreary waste," a "dark and dreary wilderness," where he must travel "for the space of many hours in darkness," lost and helpless. (1 Nephi 8:4-8.) Of all the images that haunt the early Arab poets this is by all odds the commonest; it is the standard nightmare of the Arab; and it is the supreme boast of every poet that he has traveled long distances through dark and dreary wastes all alone.¹⁰⁵ Invariably darkness is given as the main source of terror (the heat and glare of the day, though nearly always mentioned, are given second place), and the culminating horror is almost always a "mist of darkness," a depressing mixture of dust, and clammy fog, which, added to the night, completes the confusion of any who wander in the waste.¹⁰⁶ Quite contrary to what one would expect, these dank mists are de-

scribed by travelers in all parts of Arabia,¹⁰⁴ and al-Ajaja, one of the greatest of early desert poets, tells how a "mist of darkness" makes it impossible for him to continue a journey to Damascus.¹⁰⁵ In its nature and effect Lehi's "mist of darkness" (*Ibid.*, 8:23) conforms to this strange phenomenon most exactly.

When Lehi dreams of the vanity of the world, he sees "a great and spacious building," suspended in the air out of reach and full of smart and finely dressed people. (*Ibid.*, 12:18, 8:26.) That is exactly how the Bedouin of the desert, to whom the great stone houses of the city are an abomination, pictures the wicked world;¹⁰⁶ and as the city Arabs still mock their desert cousins (whom they secretly envy) with every show of open contempt, so the well-dressed people in the big house "were in the attitude of mocking and pointing their fingers" at the poor little band of bedraggled wanderers, hungrily eating fruit from a tree, and duly abashed that their poverty should be put to open shame. It is interesting that Joseph Smith, Sr., had almost the same dream, according to his wife, who took comfort in comparing the wanderings of her own family with

different settings of the two: when the prophet's father dreamed himself lost in "this field of the world," he "could see nothing save dead, fallen timber," a picture which of course faithfully recalls his own frontier background.¹⁰⁷ When Dante, another westerner, sees himself lost in the midst of life's journey (one of the commonest and oldest of dreams, we repeat—very classic among dreams) he is wandering through a dense, dark forest, the forests of his native Tuscany.

In a pleasanter vein Lehi sees "a large and spacious field, as if it had been a world" (*Ibid.*, 8:20), just as the Arab poet describes the world as a *maidan*, or large and spacious field.¹⁰⁸ When he dreams of a river, it is a true desert river, a clear stream a few yards wide with its source but a hundred paces away (*Ibid.*, 8:14), or else a ragging muddy wash, a *sail* of "filthy water" that sweeps people away to their destruction (*Ibid.*, 8:32, 12:16, 15:27); such are the two and only types of "river" (for he calls them rivers) known to the desert Arab.¹⁰⁹ When Lehi dreams of people gone astray, they are lost in a trackless waste, "wandering in strange roads" (*Ibid.*, 8:23, 32) or blunder-

WHEN the Lord has a task to be done, he picks a man who is most suited for the work by temperament and training. When Moses fled into Midian, he traveled afoot in the very deserts through which he was later to lead the children of Israel . . . Lehi was no less prepared and qualified for his great task.

those of "Father Lehi." But what is significant is not the resemblance of the two dreams (we could furnish a number of genuine parallels to that) but the totally

ing "into broad roads, and they perish and are lost" (*Ibid.*, 12:17) because of the "mist of darkness." Losing one's way is of course the fate that haunts every desert

dweller sleeping and waking, and the Arab poets are full of the terror of "strange roads" and "broad ways."¹³ To symbolize what is utterly inaccessible, Lehi is shown "a great and terrible gulf," (*Ibid.*, 12:18) "an awful gulf" (*Ibid.*, 15:28), a tremendous chasm with one's objective (the tree of life) maddeningly visible on the other side; all who have traveled in the desert know the feeling of utter helplessness and frustration at finding one's way suddenly cut off by

single short poem the terror, the loneliness, the long journey, the mist of darkness (sultry and thick), the "awful gulf," the broad ways, and the paths that stray.¹⁴ The Book of Mormon, in giving us not a few such clear and vivid snapshots (there are many more to come) of life in another world, furnishes picturesque but convincing proof of its own authenticity. Nephi's complaint, "they sought to take away my life, that they might leave me in the wilderness

and correct procedure when Arabs quarrel, and for all its popularity with the poets, no mere figure of speech.¹⁵

The powerful speech by which alone Lehi kept his rebellious sons in line is a gift demanded of every real *sheikh* in the desert, and, indeed against the proud and touchy tribesmen that is the only weapon the *sheikh* possesses.¹⁶ When the men assemble in the chief's tent to take counsel together (cf. *Ibid.*, 15:12), the leader "addresses the whole assembly in a succession of wise counsels intermingled with opportune proverbs," exactly in the manner of Lehi; "people of any other country hearing them speak," says our informant, "would simply suppose them filled with a supernatural gift."¹⁷ "Poetical exclamations . . . rose all around me," Burton reports, "showing how deeply tinged with imagination becomes the language of the Arab under the influence of strong passion or religious enthusiasm. . . ."¹⁸ If Lehi's language sounds strangely exclamatory and high-flown to us, it is because he is not a westerner, he himself explaining that the figurative language he uses is of ancient pattern, "by the Spirit of the Lord which was in our fathers." (*Ibid.*, 15:12.)

When the Lord has a task to be done, he picks a man who is most suited for the work by temperament and training. When Moses fled into Midian, he traveled afoot in the very deserts through which he was later to lead the children of Israel, and he lived and married among the people of the desert in whose way of life he was to instruct his own people.¹⁹ Lehi was no less prepared and qualified for his great task: richly endowed with means and experience, at home on the march, firm, resourceful, cautious, and unburdened, independent, and not to be intimidated (*Ibid.*, 1:18-20, 2:1-4), yet never provoking though he was sorely provoked, he exemplified what Philby has declared in a moving passage—that only the greatest strength of character in a leader can carry a party safely through a dangerous desert:

The land of the desert Bedouins of today



—Photograph by Underwood-Stattin

one of those appalling canyons with perpendicular sides—nothing could be more abrupt, more absolute, more baffling to one's plans, and so will it be with the wicked in a day of reckoning.²⁰

Wherever else one might find parallels to these things, in combination they could only come from a man who knew the desert. Rubah, one of the earliest and greatest of the desert poets, describes in a

**WHEN LEHI dreams of
people gone astray,
they are lost in a trackless
waste. "wandering in
strange roads."**

to be devoured by wild beasts' (*Ibid.*, 7:16) is ever in the mouth of the Arab poet, for to leave one's enemy lying in the desert to be devoured by wild beasts is standard

For many days now I had endured the constant and inevitable friction of my own fixed and unalterable purpose and the solid weight of the innate national
(Continued on following page)

LEHI IN THE DESERT

(Continued from preceding page)

inertia thrown into the balance against me by the united body of my companions. . . . Step by step we had progressed ever away from their homesires, but each step had been achieved only by the smallest margin as the momentum of a purposeful mind triumphed at each stage over the inert mass ever ready to recoil from any arduous objective.¹¹⁸

Those words might have written to describe the achievement of Lehi. Had the Lord wished it, he could have transferred the whole party through the air; as it was, he apparently wanted them to do as much as possible on their own, with a minimum of miracles. Of all the righteous men in Jerusalem, Lehi alone was singled out for a task requiring a combination of qualifications and a measure of faith which few men have ever had. But though Lehi was no ordinary man, one fact about him should begin to emerge at this point of our study: that he was an actual flesh and blood person in a real situation, and no synthetic and overdrawn character of romantic fiction moving among the phantasmagoric stage properties that were once thought to represent the gorgeous East.

THE FLIGHT INTO THE WILDERNESS

THAT a wealthy Hebrew should leave the land of his inheritance at a moment's notice and on no stronger authority than a dream move his whole family out into the desert may seem at first blush highly improbable, to say the least. And yet Lehi was doing not only the sensible but also the ordinary thing: from the earliest times to the present day the correct procedure when going got rough in Egypt or Palestine was to seek the security of the deserts. Take the case of Sinuhe. He was a high official at the court of Amenemhet I, and one night as he was dozing half-asleep in his bed, he heard voices in the next room. What they said portended a serious political shakeup to his fuzzy comprehension, with danger to himself. So, taking nothing with him, he rushed out afoot into the night and the desert where within forty-eight hours he nearly perished of thirst. He was rescued by some Arabs and befriended by a *sheikh* with whom he

had had business connections in Egypt; living with the desert people, Sinuhe himself in time became a famous *sheikh*. This story, thirteen hundred years earlier than Lehi's day, illustrates that coming and going between the desert and the city which from the first offered obvious commercial and political advantages. As to the flight motif, had not Moses and the prophets and Father Abraham himself sought safety from their enemies by flight into the desert? Most significant is the behavior of those very Jews who had driven Lehi from the land, for when the city was finally besieged, the Jewish leaders, "the chiefs of the army . . . hid in the wilds during the siege," and after all was lost, they fled to Egypt.¹¹⁹ "Hiding in the wilds" was exactly what Lehi was doing.

The desert to which Sinuhe fled was the country south of Palestine, the classic hide-out land both of Egyptians and Jews, where "men of all conditions and nations . . . look to the Arab camp as a safe retreat and refuge."¹²⁰ While the Syrian desert is "the unenvied resort of defeated tribes,"¹²¹ the proper paradise of the outcast was ever Edom and the south country, "the land of disoriented groups and of individual fugitives, where organized semi-nomad Arab tribes alternate with the flotsam and jetsam of sedentary society, with runaway slaves, bandits, and their descendants . . ."¹²² Even the great merchants who brought forth the civilized Nabataean state placed their confidence, says Diodorus, in their ability to disappear quickly and easily into the desert—like any common Bedouin.¹²³ So Lehi is not the first big merchant to take to the back-country with his worried family. Even in the present century Arab farmers and town-dwellers, to flee exactions of a tyrannical Turkish government, fled to the desert and adopted the life of wandering Bedouins.¹²⁴ At this very moment thousands of *fellahin*, raised to a life of farming, are starving in the Syrian desert as the result of hasty and ill-advised flight from their homes. As far as Lehi's flight into the wilderness is concerned, the Book of Mormon shows flawless judgment in every detail: the man-

ner of his flight is strictly in keeping with the best conventions, and he takes what we know now was the only possible direction he could have taken.¹²⁵

We have mentioned that "the Jews at Jerusalem" who finally got away when the city fell ended up in Egypt. Many of them settled far up the Nile, at Elephantine or Yeb.¹²⁶ It is in that region that we located, in a previous article in the ERA, ("The Book of Mormon as a Mirror of the East," April, 1948, p. 202) some important Book of Mormon names, not realizing at the time that those names belonged to the descendants of Lehi's own contemporaries.¹²⁷ The famous colony has been described as "but an eccentric deviation from the broad pathway of Hebrew history: it led nowhere, and had no influence on the development even of Egyptian Judaism."¹²⁸ In such words we might describe Lehi's own migration—an eccentric deviation breaking off completely from the main current of Jewish history, but, like the Elephantine settlement, preserving its own peculiar version of transplanted Judaism intact. The story of Elephantine, that scholars were at first most reluctant to believe, confirms the possibility of just such an emigration as Lehi's.

As to the direction taken by Lehi's party there can be no doubt: for many days they traveled south-southeast and finally struck out due east over a particularly terrible desert and reached the sea. Nephi is careful to keep us informed of the main bearing of every stage of the journey, and never once does he mention a westerly or a northerly trend. The party traveled for eight years in but two main directions, without retracing their steps or doubling back, and many of their marches were long, forced marches. This entirely excludes the Sinaitic Peninsula as the scene of their wanderings, and fits perfectly with a journey through the Arabian Peninsula. The slowest possible march "in a south-southeasterly direction" in Sinai would reach the sea and have to turn north within ten days;¹²⁹ yet Lehi's people traveled "for many days," nay, months,¹³⁰ in a south-southeasterly

(Continued on page 222)



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TODAY'S Family

Floral ARRANGEMENT

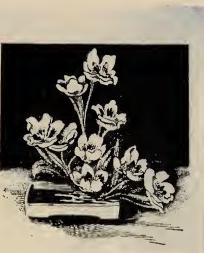
By Verla Birrell

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ARTS IN HOME ECONOMICS, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

A LOVELY home is but the echo of a lovely woman whose graciousness and good taste flow from her active, creative mind. She surrounds herself with an atmosphere of beauty and makes her home a fitting background for her artistic self. She chooses the furnishings throughout her home carefully and selects colors which harmonize; paintings of lasting beauty and furniture of appropriate and enduring style. The sincere homemaker is indeed an artist in her own domain. She is also concerned with the exterior of her home and plans a garden that is attractive and one that will furnish interesting material for floral arrangements throughout each change of season. She knows that

Burl Shepherd

EDITOR



The art of floral arrangement may be acquired by anyone who sincerely seeks its mastery.

cut flowers add beauty wherever they are placed and are a symbol in a home that someone really cares; and she knows that flowers add vitality to the plainest room and, when artistically arranged,

may substitute for more costly furnishings. The Chinese long ago discovered that one beautiful flower arrangement was sufficient to satisfy the lonely heart and to counteract the barrenness of an otherwise almost empty room.

The art of floral arrangement may be acquired by anyone who sincerely seeks its mastery. Children may be allowed to assist with this art and thus be led into artistic achievement. The following ideas may assist the beginner better to handle the arrangement of flowers:

1. Flowers should be cut in the evening and left to "harden" during the night. This is done by submerging their stems deep in cold water.

2. The largest-sized flowers and those with the deepest color are placed near the base of an arrangement. As the flowers rise from this base, they decrease in size and in depth of value until the fragile buds top the entire arrangement. The Chinese explain this principle by giving names to these three positions: the heavy substantial flowers at the base are called "earth;" the highest fragile flowers are given the name "heav-

BLUEPRINT FOR Beauty

Diet Does The Trick

EVERY builder knows that the quality of his house depends on the bricks and lumber he uses in building it. If he chooses wisely, he is likely to build well. If he builds at random out of any materials which come to hand, the most he can hope for is a ramshackle structure that will delight no one or at least will have a limited appeal.

Real beauty depends on the condition of our bodies from tip to toe. Fundamentally, it is based on health, for it is a sound healthy body which magnetically attracts people to it. One who is ill or tired

or in pain finds it difficult to look pleasant, for thoughts will revert to physical discomfort, and the suffering person will be egocentric in spite of himself. This is the very antithesis of beauty.



Good health is not a happy accident. Nor is it merely freedom from disease. It is rather a positive quality of life which can be built day by day to increasingly higher levels. Relatively speaking, the human body may be said to be as beautiful as it is healthy. An exquisitely carved piece of furniture that is scratched and dusty is not attractive. Neither is a perfectly formed body that is denied healthful food, sufficient rest, and exercise. Lustrous hair, sparkling eyes, and clear, glowing skin are the prod-

(Continued on page 209)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

en;" and the transition half-blown flowers, those midway between the two extreme positions, are called "man."

3. Keeping these positions in mind, there are many ways of arranging flowers:

a. They may be arranged in a half-moon shape with the largest flowers near (but not in the exact center) of the crescent.

b. They may be arranged as an ascending flame with the leaves and flowers radiating from a low basic grouping of large flowers.

c. They may be arranged in a triangular shape with the largest flowers at the point of the lowest angle of the triangle.

d. They may be arranged in a vertical column with the flowers decreasing in size and alternating from side to side as they ascend.



e. They may be amassed into a "French Renaissance" bouquet. In this instance, variety of color and profusion of bloom are the ultimate goals.

4. It is better to have a few rather than too many flowers.

5. An uneven rather than an even number of flowers is a better choice.

6. The height of the arrangement should be about one and a half times the width or height (whichever is greater) of the container being used.

7. Flowers and leaves should be placed so that balance is maintained. The "frog" is usually placed to one side of center—the flowers so arranged to compensate this lack of balance.

8. Many mechanical aids are now ready to assist the student of floral arrangement. Ceramic artists have designed specialized containers for various types of arrangement.

(Concluded on following page)

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FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

(Concluded from preceding page)

Metal wire frogs may be purchased in various sizes. A bit of plastic clay pressed at the base of the frog will hold it in place. Fern fronds, grass, or twigs may be cut in sections and pushed in the base of the container to substitute for a frog. Fine florist wire, inserted in the base of the bloom and twisted around the stem, enables the floral artist to control the position and direction of the flower, or stems may be gently bent between the two thumbs to shape the direction of the stem.

The season of the year should be representative of the arrangement chosen. The typical March bouquet, for example, should represent a position half-way between winter and spring. Barren bent twigs or pussy willows (as in the illustration) may be combined with fresh spring flowers. Forsythia combines well other flowers of spring,

and a forsythia branch may be pleasingly shaped to resemble a miniature Chinese tree, which when placed in a bed of green moss with small figurines at its base makes an artistic picture. An interesting "special treatment" may sometimes be applied to tulips and daffodils (jonquils) to facilitate their use in arrangements. By gently opening the tulip blossom and carefully turning back the petals, an original full-blown flower may result. Daffodils may be given a "treatment" too. The trumpets of these flowers may be cut off to within one-third inch of their base. These new-styled daffodils closely resemble narcissi and are much easier to place in floral arrangements.

Like any art, the art of floral arrangement becomes perfected by practice. Simple beginnings soon grow into skillful artistic expressions which gladden the hearts and beautify the interiors of any home.

TODAY'S *Family...*

**QUALITY
COUNTS**
in
**Family
Relationships**



—Photograph by Paul S. Bieler

The home, a stable and pure home, is the highest guaranty of social stability and permanence in government.¹

REMARKED a Latter-day Saint college professor recently, "Our home has largely become a place where my youngest son returns to eat and sleep." If this is typically true, and it would seem to be increasingly so, we must come

to realize that the preservation of home values deserves our serious attention.

The functions of the home as a center of formal education, social gathering, religious training, health protection, and other aspects of living, have passed out of the picture. Specialized institutions have taken over these responsibilities, and adolescent youth have found many and varied interests outside the places where they eat and sleep. Then, too, families have so decreased in size that social gatherings among the family do not

¹Gospel Doctrine: Selections from the Sermons and Writings of Joseph F. Smith, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., p. 301

have the fulness and gaiety of old. A successful social evening often necessitates bringing other families to the party. As a result of the decreasing size of families, homes are smaller, and few can afford, nor do they seem to desire, the size home necessary for large gatherings. The challenge today is to renew our faith in home values and to make the home more worthwhile than it has ever been before. As one writer has said, "We may start to find our way to an answer by reminding ourselves that the value of the home is not in exact proportion to the amount of time spent in it . . . we should emphasize the quality of family life."²

That, it would seem, is the test of a home's worth. Our living habits, our sense of values, our training in self-discipline are largely acquired during the formative years of childhood. The effectiveness of that training is the responsibility of those who control and direct the home; for truth does not change, the elements of happiness and contentment are the same today as yesterday, and these are never successfully administered by outside specialists.

"Be a specialist yourself in truth," said President Joseph F. Smith to parents in 1904, and that is the great challenge to parents of today and tomorrow. "Feed your spiritual selves at home as well as in public places," he said. "Let love, and peace, and the Spirit of the Lord, kindness, charity, sacrifice for others, abound in your families. Banish harsh words, envyings, hatreds, evil speaking, obscene language and innuendo, blasphemy, and let the Spirit of God take possession of your hearts. Do not let your children out to specialists in these things, but teach them by your own precept and example, by your own fireside."³

The value of the home and family surroundings as a training ground for altruism must not be underestimated, for altruism is in sad need of a training ground. Honesty, industry, integrity, justice—these, too, are learned chiefly from the example of others. Parents must seek every avenue for making the family a unit with some common interests. President Joseph F. Smith felt keen-

²Oerton, Grace Sloan, *The Home in a Changing Culture*. New York, Fleming H. Revell Co.

³Gospel Doctrine, p. 302

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A black and white illustration of a man and a woman standing next to a luggage cart. The man is wearing a suit and hat, and the woman is wearing a dress. They appear to be traveling. Below the illustration, the text reads "Hotel Temple Square" and "CLARENCE L. WEST Manager".

ly that parents should strive for comfortable homes that would attract and hold the family together, rather than for riches and expensive outside diversions. "What are we doing in our homes to train our children; what to enlighten them?" he asked. "Have we good books, games, music, and well-lighted,

well-ventilated, warm rooms for their convenience and pleasure?"⁴

The family hour, when the family together may discuss spiritual needs, or social and economic problems, or seek edification through good music, art, and literature, is to be highly recommended. Family

4Ibid. p. 318

Twenty-five Thousand DAYS

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

IN looking at the length of life, it was the Psalmist who said: "The days of otr years are threescore years and ten; . . . Thou carriest them away as with a flood; . . . So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."¹ And so, for a moment or two, let us number our days, let us break down this scriptural allotment of life into a few startling figures: Seventy years times 365 means that this allotted length of life is about twenty-five thousand days. Of course, we may live longer than this. And then again, we may not live this long. But suppose we assume that when we breathed our first breath, each of us had twenty-five thousand days to look forward to in this life. When we are young, it may look like a long time. But remember, we have already used 365 days for every year we have lived. If we're sixteen, we have used some six thousand days. If we're thirty, we have used nearly eleven thousand. If we're forty, we have used almost fifteen thousand. When we reduce life to this formula of figures, it serves notice on us that if we spend it for one thing, we can't spend it for another. If, for example, we should spend one day each with twenty-five thousand different people, we would have spent all this allotment of life. Some of these days belong to rest, some to work, some to worship. Some belong to our friends and to our family—surely a goodly part to friends and family. Some of these thousands of days will be filled with success and satisfaction, and some with waste and some with waiting. Some will be lived in sunshine, and some in sorrow and shadow. Surely the subject suggests starting early to learn what we have to learn and to do what we have to do. And surely it suggests carefully considering our pleasures and pastimes and every purpose we pursue. Twenty-five thousand days—minus what we have already spent, minus more if we don't live that long, plus a few more if we live a little longer—but there comes a time in the life of every man when he arrives at the realization that the days are far spent. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood." So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom and fill them only with the finest things.

"*The Spoken Word*" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JANUARY 1, 1950

¹Psalms 90:10. 5, 12

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cooperatives—sharing the family budget—is another common meeting ground for all ages. The child who has sat in on family councils and made his contributions to the solution of family problems will be better equipped to do so as an adult. Best of all, of course, are the family trips together, the sharing and planning which come naturally and informally out of a deep and abiding love of each family member for the other and for the unit.

Home may always be the place where individual members share their joys and sorrows and are assured of finding understanding and moral support. And sensing the need for love, understanding, and a true perspective, which are most readily found in the family group, it should become the firm resolve of parents that today's adversities will only strengthen the united front of today's and tomorrow's family.

Blueprint for Beauty

(Continued from page 204)

ucts of wisely planned living. They are achieved in no other way.

The recent trend in American dietary habits is anything but beautifying: refined cereals and flour, sugar, canned and preserved foods, muscle meats, and too small amounts of fresh fruit and vegetables. When these make up the dietary, beauty gradually fades.

In endeavoring to correct our errors, our fault is that we want our food measured either in terms of calories, or protein, or this mineral, or that vitamin. If we have a skin irritation, we would like a special vitamin to counteract it, but we do not wish to change our eating habits. If we are overweight, we would like to undertake a strenuous diet for a month or six weeks and then return to the old habits which caused fat to accumulate in the first place. We fail to realize that minerals, vitamins, protein, and carbohydrates all work together to achieve a total effect; that our deficiency is not usually one element, but many.

What we must do, if we are to
(Concluded on page 210)



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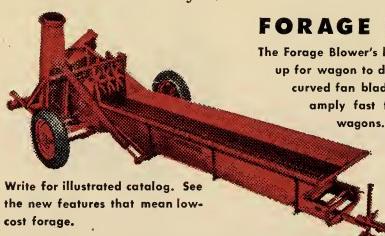
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BLUEPRINT FOR BEAUTY

(Concluded from preceding page)
be beautifully healthy, is to reverse the trend of our food habits. Cravings for sweets, strong seasonings, excessive meat are not an indication that the body needs these foods. They are rather a clear indication that wrong habits have been formed, for that to which the taste is accustomed creates an imperative desire. Our need is a complete diet plan that will provide abundant health for the whole body. If we are interested in beautiful skin, shining eyes, and lustrous hair, we can re-educate our appetites to gain permanent results.

What shall we eat to be beautiful? First of all, we must remember that whenever a food is changed from its natural state to an unnatural state (by boiling, baking, freezing, drying, pickling), it loses some of its potentialities as a beauty builder.

What shall we eat? We shall eat fresh fruit and vegetables—not cooked in sugar or peeled and boiled till they are lifeless—but unpeeled and lightly steamed or eaten raw. We shall eat whole grain cereals and bread, milk, cheese, eggs, nuts—and meat sparingly. Natural food supplements such as wheat germ, brewers' yeast, dried milk, rice polishings, and black molasses are better vitamin sources than synthetic drugstore purchases



and are valuable daily aids to beauty.

What shall we avoid? We shall avoid white sugar, white flour concoctions; soft drinks, especially the colas; candy and chocolate—substituting dates, figs, prunes, or other fruit confections therefor; strong seasonings such as pepper and mustard.

To change is not always easy. Modern temptations are great, especially in public places. However, one can weigh mentally the objectives in mind and choose accordingly. If I wish for beautiful skin, and a tempting piece of pie is at my elbow, I ask myself, "Do I want the satisfaction of eating pie or do I want a good complexion?" And upon my decision depends the relative state of my good looks. Daily practice gives confidence and skill in any field of endeavor.

TRY A NEW SANDWICH



wishes or to give added zest to plain fillings.

Sandwich Butters

Cream one cup of butter or margarine; then proceed as directed to make one of the following butters:

- (a) Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons lemon juice.
- (b) Beat in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chives. Season to taste with lemon juice.
- (c) Beat in 2 tablespoons honey or molasses.

Sandwiches

Avocado with:

- (a) sliced cucumber, onion, or tomato
- (b) cranberry sauce and lettuce

- (c)* parsley, watercress, or lettuce and salad dressing
 (d) shredded pineapple and lettuce

Chopped cabbage with:

- (a) grated cheese and dressing
 (b) parsley and salad dressing or lemon juice
 (c) ground nuts, dressing

Shredded carrot with:

- (a) minced raisins, onion, and mayonnaise
 (b) chopped nuts and salad dressing
 (c) chopped celery, nuts, and salad dressing
 (d) finely chopped tomato and parsley
 (e) avocado
 (f) shredded pineapple and dressing (and minced onion if desired)

Peanut Butter with:

- (a) chopped celery or minced parsley
 (b) minced green olives
 (c) mashed banana and lemon juice
 (d) chopped dates (lemon juice if desired)
 (e) honey and finely chopped celery

Cream Cheese with:

- (a) chopped celery, green pepper, parsley or watercress (and dressing if desired)
 (b) minced onion and dressing
 (c) orange juice to make a paste
 (d) chopped dates and nuts
 (e) cucumber, onion, or tomato slices
 (f) crushed pineapple (well drained)
 (g) lettuce and salad dressing

On whole grain bread, of course!

A Glimpse Into Chinese Genealogy

(Concluded from page 190)

are happy to have their work done for them vicariously.

Notes: The surname of a clan always remains the same, but the given name is changed when the male is married or goes to college. Brother Lung is using the marriage name on his family record sheets except in the case of himself and his father. The marriage name of a clan designates the different generations and is never duplicated. Brother Lung, for example, still goes by the name of *Kwai Shoon Lung* but his marriage name is *Sai Chun Lung*. The term *Shee*, used in many cases after a female name, indicates she is married, at which time her given name is dropped, and she keeps her maiden name.



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THE ROAD TO INSPIRATION

(Continued from page 199)

man's contribution to art through others has been notable. After learning about it, I wondered how an artist so stiffly professional could become interested in such work, or could enjoy it or succeed at it. At last I had an opportunity to find out.

I happened to be in a university town near the city where his work is carried on and noticed that he was to appear in a weekly lecture series presented by the university in its great auditorium. He was to lecture on his work of musical training for the young. I dedicated that evening to hearing him once more. It was forty long years and two thousand long miles from that concert that had so impressed me in my freshman year.

I went to the campus early to eat in order to be in plenty of time for the lecture. I did not dream of seeing the lecturer in the public dining room. I am sure the man I had seen so long before would have dined only in a private and exclusive place.

I knew a good many of the students and faculty members, and as I ate I glanced about the large room to recognize any acquaintance who might be there. Suddenly I made a discovery. At a table not far from me sat an elderly gentleman, tastefully but informally dressed. His gray hair and mustache showed the passing of time, but there was the distinguishing contour of the forehead by which I would have known him anywhere. His figure had not perceptibly changed, and his manner and motions were decidedly more youthful than they had been forty years before. His eyes were bright and alert, his voice cheerful and energetic, and his features warmly expressive as he chatted pleasantly with his table companions.

An hour later I was hearing him introduced to a large crowd in the auditorium. Musicians, music critics, and others of judgment and authority were there, together with a large section of the campus and community public. None of them dismayed him. He could impress those in the highest seats of the ivory tower, but he had also learned to walk with those in the common way.

In the most natural and human manner he plunged into his subject. He proved to be an excellent speaker, too, managing his voice and presenting his material with such ease and ability that one would never have dreamed so much

cleverness and power could be behind that once immobile face.

As he concluded his address, the inevitable, though to him the dismaying thing, happened. Someone in the audience rose and politely

(Concluded on page 214)

On Accepting

REALITY

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

SOMETIMES when events have taken an unexpected turn, we wonder what we might have done to avoid what has happened. What did we do wrong? What might have happened if we had done differently? It is natural that such questions should occur. And if asking them helps to avoid repeating any mistake of the past, it is well worth while. But useless, haunting, time-consuming regrets should be shut out. There are some things we can change, and there are some things we cannot now change. There are times when we can retrace our steps, and there are times when we can't. And as to those happenings which are now irrevocably beyond our control, it is utter waste to prolong the period of brooding upon them. As to the issues of life and death, for example, we can't always be sure that anything we think we could have done would have changed the ultimate outcome. Sometimes men survive the most violent occurrences—including cruel and crushing accidents and devastating diseases. And sometimes seemingly inconsequential causes result in fatal casualties. Some men survive long years with what looks like every outward element of environment against them, and some pass suddenly who it might seem should surely survive. In many other things also, there are times when it seems we cannot be so certain of results. There are times when rainfall comes regularly from season to season, and times when it fails to come, and we are brought face to face with the great degree of our dependence upon Divine Providence. Even the weather forecaster has his problems. He can help us foresee what might happen, what is likely to happen. But he can see only what he can see; he can only say what his instruments and observations tell him, as interpreted from the experience of the past. And if what it seemed should have happened doesn't happen, he must accept the fact, the truth, the reality, as must all men. There is much we can do, and what we can do we should do. But there are some things we can't do, and we can't afford to brood too long upon any past untoward turn of events. We must profit by the experience of the past; we must look with faith to the future; and we must not let long regret place a penalty upon the present or the future.

"*The Spoken Word*" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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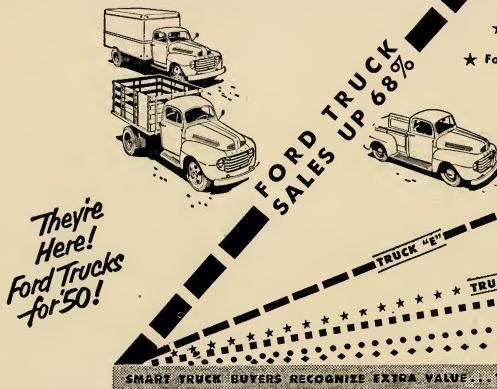


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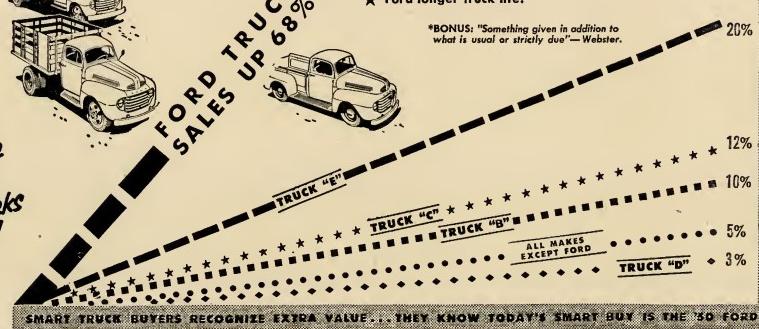
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THE ROAD TO INSPIRATION

(Concluded from page 212)

asked if he would be willing to play a number or two. The applause of others promptly supported the request.

He turned and looked with a helpless smile at the scarred old upright piano which was always on the platform for use in case of need. It was a far cry from the fine, freshly-tuned concert grands on which he had once insisted. But with the years he had grown adaptable to situations. He nodded and sat down on the old revolving stool.

The flood of music that swept

from the stage almost overpowered me. It was all that I had heard him play so long before, and more. This music was not coming from a man's fingertips, but from his soul. It was more than the vibration of piano strings. One seemed to hear the tones built into the throbbing rhythm of the drums of eternity. It flowed along like the majestic sweep of some great river. He played three or four numbers that seemed like auras of sound, and then bade the audience a gracious good night.

Hushed and awed, the people rose and began drifting from the auditorium. As I moved with them down the aisle, I again heard two

ladies talking. One was saying, "That was what I call *inspired* playing."

He had invested his talent, and it had been blessed. His work had progressed from an art to a vocation. He had developed an ability, and the divine hand had touched and hallowed it. His playing had unfolded from the coordination of muscles to the throbbing of a heart. A fine musician had become a great musician because his soul had found expression through his hands. In serving others with his talent he had sought the kingdom of God, and all these things had been added to him.

LATTER-DAY SAINT LITERATURE COMES OF AGE

(Concluded from page 198)

tion of man's fears, real and unreal. George Bernard Shaw champions intellectual force. His method is wit with social responsibility. The ears of the world seem at present inclined toward his type of satire and wit. Edgar Lee Masters attacks the smug and dusty way of life in satire. Housman in a different tone treats themes of shortness of life, frailty of beauty, cruelty of time, and death. He speaks in a calm, clear voice with no trace of satire or modern fret.

Great Christian literature has more to offer by way of message. The halls of fame are filled with brilliant books which glow with excellent light, but their very brilliance fades in the light of the thousands. There are too many books of a kind, too many writers by occupation who write to tickle ears of publishers. There are too many who value truth and goodness in terms of what it brings in the market.

It is not unreasonable to believe that in the near future stories by Latter-day Saint writers will appear which without didacticism will present to the world the good side of our culture. Latter-day Saint writers eventually will move to the vanguard with truth and wisdom in fiction that will please the world. It will present the greatness of the people, yet recognize the evil, the naïve. For the glory of God and the betterment of mankind, it will

maintain moral purpose in its presentation of the good that evil minds as well as righteous will accept it,

My Two Hope Chests

(Concluded from page 191)

the other articles in my hope chest as far as spiritual value is concerned, but have you ever noticed what a difference spice can make—say in an ordinary cake, or how some perfume in the corner of a drawer can leave a fragrance on everything surrounding it? Such a little article can make all the difference in the world in how interesting or dull a thing or subject can be.

Along with gifts of love, sincerity, and appreciation for the good things of life and all the things I hope to have in my hope chest some day, I shall be partially prepared to become a wife and mother here and in the life to come. My prayer is that I may have my spiritual hope chest well stocked with those things which are necessary for a happy married life, and also with those little extra articles which add so much color to everyday living. Who knows but what some day I may be a heavenly mother with a great family of spirit children to care for and watch over. I only pray that I may have the knowledge of how to use correctly the gifts I have in my spiritual hope chest and be worthy of them.

read it, like it, and be better because of it. It will please the world because it is objective, convincing in treatment and, above all, mature in sentiment. It will please because of its beauty, because it is art. It will please because it will portray the heart of the Latter-day Saint which finds similitude in the breast of all peoples, regardless of color or creed. It will present a way of life, born through humility and prayer, without offensive self-righteousness.

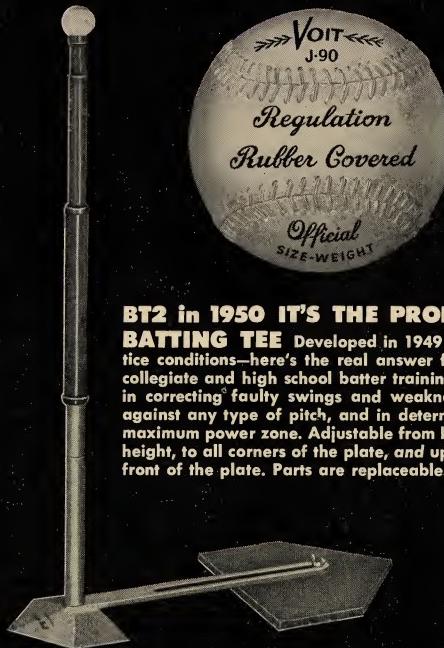
But we hope for even greater things.

Latter-day Saint philosophy maintains that man is crowned with honor and glory. The world is waiting and has always been ready for great revelation. Latter-day Saint literature has grown slowly but surely, suffering the inevitable maladies of youth. Now in our second century it comes of age. We hope for a writer to appear with the great message and matchless expression. We do not ask any Latter-day Saint to accept all the ways of other writers. We do ask that he accept that which is praiseworthy and of good report. We do not ask that he follow the idiom of any living bard. He may write in a new idiom for a new day. If it be true that Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel caused a war, a greater novel with deeper meaning and broader significance and finer expression may bring a chaotic world to unity and peace.

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THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 187)

door of the people who had been sent by their Church to solve it; they would have to do it alone and in their own way and time.

Appointed by some strange destiny to take a prominent, although an inglorious, part in the impending trouble, was Posey. Posey was devoted first of all to the perverted superstitions of his people—fantastic traditions of witches, snakes, and devils, about which he might fly into a holy rage on short notice. Once, with gun in hand, he chased a Mexican out of Johnson Creek Valley for killing a rattlesnake. Posey's second interest was the card blanket, the race track, the horse belonging to someone else. No one wanted to clash with this old troublemaker, men with cattle near his "farms" thought it poor economy to incur his displeasure, and he collected from what he thought were easy victims, carrying his racket on and on to what sometime had to be the breaking point.

Finally a warrant was sworn out for Posey's arrest.

Triumphant in his threats and sure he was secure with his followers at his back, Posey retired with a back-load of melons and fruit to his wickiup to feast on the spoils of his raid and exult over his latest achievement.

Arthur S. Wood, a deputy sheriff, acting as leader, sent a messenger asking Posey to come down and talk it over. Posey refused in contempt. The report of Posey's impudent answer was all it needed to touch off the explosive resolution in the hot pulse of the men and boys waiting at the store. Their fingers fairly itched to get hold of him, and they turned with quick step towards the group of wickiups on the hill. Twelve of them walked; two rode horses.

Fourteen men, only two of them carrying arms, setting out to arrest a leading Piute in the midst of his camps! Nothing was ever more promising of trouble before on this firing line. When they reached the doorway of Posey's dwelling, the deputy sheriff repeated the invitation to come down and talk it over.

"Yes, me no go," Posey hissed in contempt.

At a signal from Sheriff Wood,

his men seized Posey hand and foot, giving him the shock of his life. He struggled and squirmed and thrashed about like a fish out of water, while his squaw snatched up a heavy gun and the Indians from the other dwellings came rushing in alarm. Trouble seemed certain.

Not one of the fourteen in that posse bothered to take any notice of the other Piutes as they came rushing with their guns. The fearless disregard of what they might do was more terrifying than any gesture of defense could have been. These other Piutes halted in stunned astonishment, for right there in their camps Posey's hands were being forced together and locked with steel cuffs; he was being dragged from his own wickiup, his big hat left in dishonor behind, his long hair in a humiliating jumble over his head and face. They simply couldn't believe it. It jarred them completely out of gear, and they followed in blank bewilderment.

When the posse came into town with their prisoners, a company of Navajos gathered around them, and in the company was Jim Joe, who told Posey in the most uncompromising terms what a yellow coyote he had been in returning evil for good with the friends who wanted to help him.

Finding the wind gone unaccountably out of their sails, and being convinced that it was the intention to hold their boasted champion under close guard and go on with legal procedure whether they liked it or not, the people of the wickiups turned back to their camps and sent fast riders in half a dozen directions to gather their fighting men.

Before dawn the next day the terrible men of the tribe began to arrive from Allan Canyon, from Alkali, from Montezuma Canyon, and from camps at the foot of the mountain where they were spending the summer. But Poke, the unconquerable, the invincible, who had never bowed to a white man but had cut the scalps off their heads, had not yet come. The fact of the matter is, being no friend to Posey, he never did come.

All the same the Piutes intended to fight, but strange to relate, they couldn't find the moment nor the

place to make a start. They did agree to guard the road leading up through the cliffs toward Monticello. Without seeming to recognize this blockade, the people prepared to go on with the preliminary hearing, and Justice Peter Allan called his court to order in the schoolhouse.

The trial went forward as if the Piutes were but a defeated and unimportant minority. Fearlessly and unfailingly Judge Allan, always very matter-of-fact in discriminating between right and wrong, pronounced emphatically against the horse thief, and ordered him to appear in the district court at its next session.

That ostentatious array of Piutes dropped their jaws in disconcerted amazement. Their fighting blood, instead of heating up to explosive temperatures as intended, fell towards a freezing degree. Posey's mouth sagged at the corners, and he became deflated like a punctured balloon. For twenty-three years he had heard these people pleading and entreating, and it had never entered his imagination they could do anything else. The only thing now was to squirm out of the clutches of these awakened Mormons. He wanted to be free, no matter how white-feather and ignominious the method employed. The fighting men went stringing back to their several places of abode at Allan Canyon, Alkali, and elsewhere.

Posey's belligerent little squaw plotted with his sons and his brother, Scotty, for his escape. Visiting him often as he sat dejectedly under the vigilant eye of his guard, they succeeded in getting him synchronized with their plan for his freedom.

They would hide with their horses in a jungle on an island in the river near to a popular swimming hole, and Posey was to persuade his guard to take him there for a cooling bath. The excessive warmth of that August weather gave weight to his pleas, and he waded out into the stream wearing nothing but a disguised look of concern for the perilous possibilities of his plot.

Keeping furtive eyes on his guard who sat on a log with a six-shooter

thrust in the band of his overalls, Posey found the deepest place in the current and sank from sight. Hugging the sandy bottom he propelled himself down the stream with all possible eagerness. When he had all but drowned in increasing the distance between himself and six-shooter, he rose coughing and gasping in the shallows towards the island and ran as in a handicap race through two feet of water for the bank.

The guard fired at the splashing figure, and Posey dodged frantically as the bullet whistled past. As he gathered himself, another bullet sang very near to his naked flesh, and still another seemed to burn him by its close proximity as he plunged into the willows.

He had escaped, but the shock and the surprise of it all had left him unstrung like a child that had seen a ghost. And the fighting men on whom he had doted so heavily had slunk away like a litter of scared puppies with their tails between their legs. He saw himself deserted, alone, an outcast, a fugitive. His people had gone back whipped and cowed to meditate the sharp change in policy with the once-tame peacemakers of the fort.

Bluff had done the unprecedented. After these twenty-three years of futile effort, it seemed to have accomplished the impossible. Surely this was the long-sought solution of Problem Two. No, it was not. The Piutes were to follow their mad course for yet twenty years.

When at the end of those twenty years the Mormons rounded up the Piutes in the schoolhouse, distorted stories of "the Indian war" in San Juan got onto the front pages of the big daily newspapers, and people in cities and towns of surrounding states were overheard to ask, "Where is San Juan? And how does it happen that anybody is still fighting Indians at this late day?" San Juan might have been a long way beyond what was happening on the outside, but the outside was forty years behind what was going on for their benefit in San Juan.

Representatives of the United States Indian Service enrolled the tribe in the stockade, the older ones to be supervised in thrift and in-

dustry, the children to be placed in school.

"What do you Mormons propose to do about the losses to which these people have put you?" asked the Indian agent, McKeen.

"When he was told it was the intention to forgive and forget, he objected. "Now look'e here," he said, "before you become too forgiving, we want it definitely understood there are certain things these people will have to do from now on, certain conditions to which they must conform."

When the essential preliminaries were finished, the bars and fastenings to the gates of "Fort on the Firing Line" were removed, while the people on the outside and on the in stood in a kind of solemn hush of waiting, restrained by mutual awe of this moment from saying a word. When the gate was opened, the Piutes came quietly and meekly out, a people who had been chastised and humbled by their friends, no old grudge nor bitter score to settle later on. They had been whipped into the line of life and safety by those who loved them most; the only way in which any people can be whipped to take it and call it good.

* * *

Since then some of the Piute children have completed the lower grades in that building. Some of them have proved themselves to be natural artists with a keen sense of perception which no one would have expected to find buried away in the dark world of Piutedom. They are not at war with themselves nor with any one else; no bad men are among them. Their best friends are the Mormons with whom they live as near neighbors.

The years have served to break down all the hostile misunderstanding and mistrust between the three races in San Juan. Bonds of friendship and confidence extending without discrimination across the race-line are hastening the time when equal opportunity and just arrangements all the way round will make the Piutes and Navajos the equal of any other people.

(*The End*)



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Melechizedek Priesthood

The DAILY BEHAVIOR Of A HIGH PRIEST

EDITOR'S NOTE

While these instructions were originally given to the high priests of the East Cache Stake at Logan, Utah, they may well be for all members of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

EVERY high priest should have a definite religious philosophy of life, and this philosophy should be apparent in his living and actions and in his contact with others.

A high priest should develop a love for all mankind. He should feel that he has been favored in his religion by virtue of his position, and he should manifest a loving and a helpful spirit toward others. He should develop a love of attainment. He should be an influence for good in his community and show community pride by his interest and his works.

He should have unbounding faith: faith in others, faith in his community, state, and government, and, above all, faith in God and in the gospel plan of salvation. Faith is not passive.

A high priest must develop ideals and be willing to live them. He must establish confidence in others. He should be known by his friendliness and fine fellowship toward others. His daily life should be an example to copy and emulate. He should be able to carry his religious conviction in such a way that he stimulates faith and vision in his associates. He must have a clear and definite vision of his religious concept that easily can be portrayed to others. His influence should be felt by his associates. He must be open to suggestions and be considerate of other people's thoughts and actions.

A high priest must not cheapen life. His standards and ideals must keep him above reproach. His moral standards should show in his every

By William Peterson

action of daily life. His morals should be his living and not his preaching. He should be sympathetic with others to a point of forgiving. He should be willing to analyze and benefit by the experience of others.

A high priest must be honest: honest in his dealings, honest in his contacts, honest in his efforts, and honest with himself. His actions should establish a credit with all his associates. His honesty should establish a credit with his church, and he should be honest with God.

A high priest should be patient with his associates and his family. If he is blessed with much wisdom, vision, and faith, he should share freely with others. He should be willing to accord to others that which he expects for himself. He should live the Golden Rule.

A high priest should be thrifty. What does this mean? He should live within his income and save a part out of each earning as a capital security. It is good to have money and the things money can buy, but it is good to check once in awhile to be sure we have not lost other things that money cannot buy.

We are living in a time when much is being done for those in need. But the real compliment goes to those who can take care of themselves and manage their own affairs to their own satisfaction.

A high priest must be cooperative and willing to help in the solution of community problems and in the problems of others. He must have tact and exert his influence with patience. He should be known for his good nature and consideration for others. He should maintain a keen sense of humor. It will help in his association and contact with others. He should carry constant

bouyancy and enthusiasm for his religious concept, and his buoyancy should engender faith and clearer vision in others.

A high priest should be resourceful in helping others, but he should not be dogmatic. Most people will take suggestion if it is given in the right spirit, with consideration and friendliness. A high priest must believe in others, and realize that chastising and criticizing is the wrong approach. He must always see the good and strength in others and forget the weaknesses: never try to emphasize the weakness in others, for he may have some of his own. Finding fault with others may be one of his real weaknesses. "To maintain order, intelligence, and harmony in the territory immediately under one's own hat will keep most of us fairly well employed."

A high priest is not a gossiper. One author has said, "Gossiping is the work of an impoverished mind which thrives on discussing mistakes and weaknesses of others and offers no help or remedy." Remember the old German adage, "One is what one thinks and not what one does."

A high priest must have a testimony, and this testimony cannot be borrowed from others. He must have his own testimony of the truth of the gospel and his relationship to Deity.

A high priest is prayerful. His secret prayer is a conversation with God, and every person who prays should rise from his knees at the close of his prayers a better man.

A high priest must be willing to give service. He should not wait until someone makes an assignment. He knows many places and many people where he can give service. His own life will be greatly helped by helping others.

A high priest should never be discouraged. His life should be above discouragement. If he has been a partial failure, he should re-adjust and try a new plan but not quit.

To help others, one must believe

in others and have an appreciation of the value of souls.

A high priest must have real charity toward all, and such charity should be felt whenever he is approached.

It is a great privilege and opportunity to be a high priest with love, sympathy, and charity for everyone. The high priest has

plenty to do to help others and save his own soul without any special assignment. He should seek a better knowledge of the reason for existence, strive to understand the gospel plan, live his religion, gain a stronger testimony each day by his effort to live a better life. His daily life will make his record, and he will get his just deserts.

of the most fruitful means of promoting sales and increasing business. Liquor advertising, alluring and deceptive, has had much to do with increasing sales, especially among youth and women.

Dr. Glen Cunningham, internationally famous several years ago as an athlete (a long distance runner) and now a university professor, was a witness before the Senate Committee considering a bill to prohibit liquor advertising. Among his statements were these:

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

Column

Conducted by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

IS LIQUOR ADVERTISING MORAL?

THE correct answer is yes or no, depending on the meaning given to the word "moral." It is customary for college debaters in beginning their speeches to define the words used in stating the question discussed. When national prohibition was repealed near the end of 1933, the liquor traffic soon became a lawful business in nearly all states of the American Union. But a lawful business is not always a moral business. Some cities in this country license houses of prostitution, making the business lawful and legal if the conditions imposed by the license are observed. But no right-thinking person claims prostitution is moral, giving the word its usual meaning. Neither does any right-thinking person believe that gambling is moral, though it is legal in many states.

But how about the morality of the traffic in liquor, using the word "moral" in its usual sense? This is a question involved in a recent public hearing given by a U. S. Senate Committee. And of course, also, involved in the question, among others, is that of the nature of alcohol and its effects on a normal human being. A few years ago the *Journal of the American Medical Association* said:

Alcohol is a poison, inherently, absolutely, essentially; in a drop or in a gallon, in all quantities and in every quantity. Plainly its quantity cannot affect its chemical constitution.

In an official statement to a general conference of the Church a few years ago, the First Presidency said:

Drink brings cruelty into the home; it walks arm in arm with poverty; its companions are disease and plague; it puts chastity to flight; it knows neither honor nor fair dealing; it is a total stranger to truth; it drowns conscience; it is the bodyguard of evil; it curses all who touch it.

Drink has brought more woe and misery, broken more hearts, wrecked more homes, committed more crimes, filled more coffins than all the wars the world has suffered.

Yet, notwithstanding these factual statements, which warrant a bitter arraignment of alcohol (the drinking of alcoholic beverages), there are, informed people say, over fifty million Americans, many of whom are under twenty, who drink more or less regularly. Why? One answer is because drinking is a social custom. But we ask: Can custom, however popular it may be, make moral a thing that is essentially bad, destructive, or evil in its effects? No intelligent, honest person can deny that the effects of drinking named above do not exist. Then is it truly moral, even though legal, to promote drinking—to engage in activities designed to increase the consumption of alcoholic beverages? What is your answer? If a legal act is always moral, then liquor advertising is moral, otherwise not. This is our answer.

The Senate Committee hearing referred to above was given to advocates of a bill to outlaw liquor advertising. A hearing was given by a Senate Committee May 12 and 13, 1947, on a similar bill. Liquor advertising in America has grown to be big business—costing more than one hundred million dollars annually. Evidently experience teaches the dealers that "it pays to advertise." Advertising is one

In my work with thousands of young people during the past fifteen years, I have noticed an alarming increase in the number who use alcoholic beverages. Every person, conscious of the startling increase in delinquency among youths, in deaths and injuries from accidents, in murder and rape, in impoverished and broken homes, and in the number of mental diseases, realizes the urgent need for the passage by Congress of Senator Capper's bill. The cost in human misery, maimed bodies and minds, the lost lives, makes it inestimably more important that the advertising of alcoholic beverages which contribute so heavily to these great tragedies, be brought under control.

Should America continue to permit this advertising? We say, no. Let all who agree with us do what is feasible to eliminate liquor advertising, save youth from drinking, and lessen the evils that follow the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Ask your congressmen to support the bill outlawing liquor advertising. Human souls come before money—they are more precious than dollars.

DO YOU HAVE TO DRINK?

Do you have to drink when you are out on "a date" or party? To read some of the liquor ads or listen to some radio shows you might think so—such is the power of suggestion of some liquor propaganda. But your reason, if you will exercise it, will convince you that this propaganda is misleading, deceptive, untruthful, and designed to influence the weak and the thoughtless. Be not deceived. Assert your personality—the kind that shows you to be careful, self-respecting, strong, a person conscious of the fact that one's free agency imposes a responsibility that cannot be shifted to another. Be a person of courage, character—win and deserve the respect of decent people.

Drinking is not essential, socially or otherwise. You need never hesitate to say, "No, thanks. I don't drink." You will be thought the better of and feel better for saying so. The courage to say "no" always inspires respect. Try it and be convinced.



The Presiding

Aaronic Priesthood

L. D. S. Girls

How To Increase Attendance Records

RECENTLY a letter was received asking what may be done to stimulate the interest of young people in attending Church meetings.

We went to the files and took out the Aaronic Priesthood reports from the inquiring ward and discovered, to our surprise, that the ward youth leadership meeting had been held every month during 1949. Moreover, there had been a better-than-average attendance of youth leaders at each of the meetings. For a moment we were puzzled—but only for a moment.

A closer examination of the reports disclosed, (1) that there were eighty-eight young men and young women on ward records between twelve and twenty-one years of age, (2) that not one visit had been made to any one of the eighty-eight young people during the entire year.

Obviously, it did seem strange that such an inquiry should come from a ward so apparently interested in youth but so completely overlooking the major functions of the ward youth leadership meeting, i.e., (1) to check on the visits of leaders to inactive

young people during the past month, (2) to make and record assignments to leaders to visit the inactive during the ensuing month.

Of what value is the ward youth leadership meeting each month if it does not implement the reaching out for, and the working with, young people who need our help?

The matter of personal visits to the inactive is deserving of careful and relentless follow-up. Success depends, in large measure, upon the attention we give this feature of our work.

Two closing observations: (1) Youth leaders are not too likely to make personal visits to the inactive unless assigned by the bishopric; (2) the bishopric are not too likely to assign their leaders to visit youth unless the youth leadership meeting is held and is conducted as recommended.

Let us conduct ward youth leadership meetings each month which accomplish, and are worthy of, their high objectives.

Ward Teaching

Overcoming Indifference

LEADERS in many stakes and wards are confronted with an attitude of indifference on the part of ward teachers. This problem has led stake presidents and bishops to ask, "How can we best emphasize the importance of ward teaching?" Finding a solution to this question is fundamental to successful teaching.

For the benefit of those confronted with this attitude, we point up the methods employed in one stake to overcome this problem: (1) All stake officers, including the stake presidency and the high council, accept the call to do ward teaching in the wards in which they reside; (2) When a member of the priesthood is interviewed relative to accepting a call to serve as a stake officer, he is instructed to the effect that he will be expected to serve as a ward teacher; (3) When interviewed for advancement in the priesthood, ward teaching is always emphasized as one of the responsibilities of those who bear priesthood authority. Only stake missionaries are exempt.

The bishops of all wards in this stake are using the same plan—the bishopric and all ward officers bearing the priesthood doing ward teaching each month.

THE report of the Mesa (Arizona) Stake committee for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood follows:

During the year of 1949, twenty-six of the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood have been advanced to the Melchizedek Priesthood. Most of these twenty-six brethren and their wives have gone through the temple. All are engaged in some Church activity. Two wards were outstanding in their achievements in this work: the Mesa Second Ward with seven members advanced, and the Alma Ward with six members advanced.

If every stake in the Church had done as well as Mesa during 1949, there would have been more than 4500 adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood advanced to Melchizedek Priesthood, most of whom would now be enjoying, with their families, the blessings of marriage for time and for all eternity.

Mesa Stake Reports on Work Among Adult Members of Aaronic Priesthood



Six couples, Alma Ward, Mesa Stake, rejoice in blessings of Melchizedek Priesthood and temple marriage. Leaders included in the photograph are Lucian M. Mecham, Jr., Mesa Stake president; Ralph E. Brown and Lafayette Hill, stake committee members; Wendel A. Davis, Ernest E. Russell, and Thomas E. Miller, Alma Ward bishopric, and Ralph Openshaw, ward adviser.

Bishopprie's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

Challenging Records



GAYLON M.
BURR

GAYLON is president of the teachers' quorum in the Salina Second Ward, North Sevier (Utah) Stake. His record is one of the best yet to come to our attention.

For the past three years he has had a perfect attendance record at priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Y.M.M.I.A. He has earned the Aaronic Priesthood Individual Certificate of Award for four years.

Gaylon also has a perfect record in ward teaching visits since appointed December 9, 1948, to be a companion to his grandfather and former bishop, G. M. Burr.

Bishop Burr, graciously reporting on his grandson, wrote—"Were it not for Gaylon, I might not be so active in doing my teaching. He always reminds me until we have finished our teaching."

Congratulations, Gaylon! You keep on sowing the seed—the Lord will bring the harvest.

Aaronic Priesthood

There Are No Graduates in Priesthood

THE only deacon in attendance at a sacrament meeting was asked by a member of the bishopric to invite two or three ordained teachers to join him in passing the sacrament. The invitation lead to some rather serious discussions, if not disputations, on priesthood authority. To get the matter straightened out, the ward clerk wrote to the Presiding Bishop's office and asked the following question:

Did this deacon have the right to ask those teachers to step down from a teacher's calling to help pass the sacrament?

An analysis of the inquiry suggests at least two questions: (1) Did the deacon have the right (authority) to do that which he was asked to do by the bishopric? (2) When a deacon is ordained a teacher, does he graduate from the responsibility of passing the sacrament?

The answers:

One: A deacon, or any other bearer of the priesthood in the ward, when directed by a member of the bishopric, has full authority to invite not only an ordained teacher but also any other specific person or persons, bearing any office in either the Aaronic or Melchizedek Priesthood, to assist in passing the sacrament.

Two: No one, advanced to any office in the Holy Priesthood, is ever graduated from the responsibilities of lesser offices in the priesthood. A teacher, priest, elder, seventy, high

priest, or any appointed priesthood officer in the Church does not "step down" from his calling to pass the sacrament. Any bearer of the priesthood, holding any office in the Church, who enjoys the spirit of his calling will always consider it a great honor to pass the sacrament.

SUGGESTION TO AARONIC PRIESTHOOD LEADERS

Aaronic Priesthood advisers are largely responsible for the impressions a young man receives concerning the priesthood he bears. If a teacher feels he has outgrown the passing of the sacrament, or any other responsibility of a deacon, it is at once apparent that he has not had proper training in either or both the deacons' or the teachers' quorums. Much of the responsibility for such negative attitudes rest squarely on advisers and other Aaronic Priesthood leaders in the various quorums. What a young man thinks of, knows about, or does not know about the priesthood is very largely the result of (1) that which he has been taught; (2) that which he has not been taught.

Let every quorum adviser examine his knowledge of priesthood, its functions, its purposes, and then, without flinching, determine the measure of his personal responsibility for that which his quorum members know about God's greatest gift to man—the Holy Priesthood. When this appraisal is completed, the Aaronic Priesthood leader should be fairly well able to see himself in the same light as he may one day appear before the Lord to answer for what he taught or did not teach his quorum members about the Holy Priesthood.

We hope that Aaronic Priesthood leaders will apply themselves more diligently to a study of the priesthood program and work more zealously that our young men may more fully understand its purposes, more intelligently comprehend its powers, and function more knowingly under its divine authority. We express our confidence in Aaronic Priesthood leaders that they will labor to this end.

L.D.S. GIRLS WIN—AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMBERS WASH DISHES

Bishop LeGrand R. Terry and counselors, McKinley Ward, Temple View (Salt Lake City) Stake, agreed to banquette the L.D.S. girls in Aaronic Priesthood members if the losers, in an attendance contest, would wash the dishes and clean up after the banquet.

The boys should have known, but they didn't, so they agreed—and lost. But, anyway, it was fun, at least until they had to wash the dishes.

The spirit of the occasion is manifest in the smiles of those appearing in the photograph. Seated: Barbara Little, Callie Klemm, David Krogue; Clark Strong, Standing, stake president Adiel F. Stewart; Xlarus F. Pratt, vice chairman, L.D.S. girls; Ancil Winger, general secretary of Aaronic Priesthood.



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LEHI IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 202)

direction keeping near the coast of the Red Sea all the while. Ten days take a foot traveler the entire length of that coast of Sinai which runs in a south-southeasterly direction—and what of the rest of the eight years?

What entirely excludes Sinai as the field of Lehi's journeys is the total lack at all times of timber to

build ships with, to say nothing of a lush and beautiful Land Bountiful. Thus the great Solomon had to bring all his timber by land from Palestine to the Red Sea because there was no wood on the Red Sea with which he might build ships. Lehi was faced with the same problem and had to travel for eight years before he reached the lovely for-

(Continued on page 225)

On Knowing

THE FUTURE

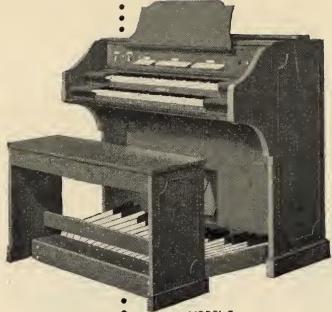
BY RICHARD L. EVANS

PEOPLE sometimes ask impatiently: "Why can't we know more about the future?" "Why shouldn't we know the future?" One part of a possible answer to this problem, so far as our individual acts are concerned, is that oftentimes we can't know more about the future because oftentimes the pattern of the future isn't yet fixed. By this we mean that many things that will happen in the future will depend upon what we do and upon what others do, and since in the use of our free agency we and other men have left many decisions unmade concerning future matters, the results that are to follow those decisions may not now be known. Another reason, and an all-sufficient one for many, is that it is part of the plan and purpose of Providence that we should not in most instances know what the future will bring in detail in our own individual lives. For those who would like further answer, suppose we ask ourselves what life would be like if we did know everything that was going to happen to us. Actually a detailed foreknowledge of trials and tragedies to come might well destroy much of the happiness that is. Also in knowing the future, there would be less of the joy of discovery and less of the growth that comes with faith and effort. Imagine the monotony of a life in which each hour, each day, each year, everyone knew everything he was going to do, everything that was going to happen—nothing of the unexpected, nothing of the unforeseen, no pleasant surprises, no unlooked-for joys, no merciful concealing of sorrows. This, of course, is carrying speculation to absurdity, but it does invite attention to the wisdom of things as they are. And even if there were some means of acquiring a detailed knowledge of the events to come in our own lives, it still wouldn't bring us happiness. We must learn to live by faith from day to day, shaping the future as best we can with every earnest effort, and trusting the mercy and the wisdom and justice of God as the future unfolds before us.

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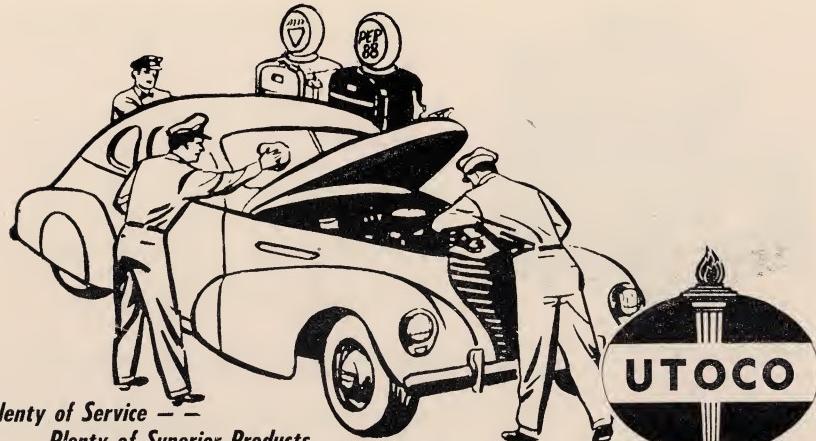
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LEHI IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 222)
ests of the south Arabian coasts. The desert into which Lehi first retreated and in which he made his first long camp has been known since Old Testament times as the wilderness par excellence. Thanks to the Bible, it is this very section of the earth's surface to which the

word *wilderness* most closely applies, so that Nephi is using the word in its fullest correctness.¹³ From I Nephi 8:4 and 7, we learn that by *wilderness* he means waste, i.e. desert, and not jungle. Today we call the region a desert, yet Woolley and Lawrence preferred

(Continued on following page)

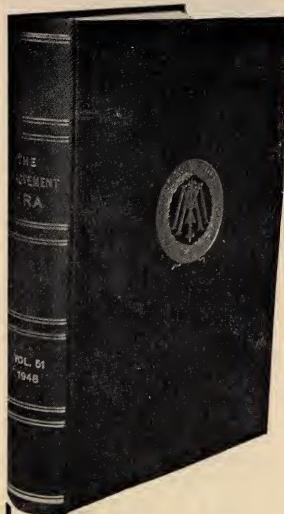
"I READ IT in a Book"

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

IN defending a statement that is questioned or challenged, not infrequently someone will say: "I read it in a book" (as if this were a final and unanswerable defense). But the books of men are no more infallible than are men. An error is an error—even in a book! It is true that print tends to give weight to what is printed. And if we have seen it in print, it leaves its impression upon us, and many will choose to believe it, no matter who wrote it, or when, or why. But much that is printed contradicts much else that is printed, and it therefore follows that much of what is written and read must be wrong: If, for example, we were to turn to a textbook of a generation ago, we would be astounded at how much that was then proclaimed in print has since been set aside. And what reason have we to suppose that much of what we conclude today will not likewise seem absurd to those who follow in fifty years—or even in five! It doesn't seem likely that we shall be the exception—either in literature or in life. But even when an irresponsible person writes, if his words appear in print, they will almost certainly impress some people. A lie from the lips of a man may travel far and fast—but it may be forgotten when breath fails or memory fades. But a printed lie enjoys a kind of infamous immortality. It lives on the page long after those who penned it have passed. But fortunately we are not obliged to believe everything we read, any more than we are obliged to believe everything we hear. Man-made theories and "authorities" come and go, and so-called "final" findings have so often proved to be anything but "final." We should certainly read and seek knowledge out of the best books and be ever grateful for the blessed companionship of good books and for all the truth and beauty that have been preserved in print; but where controversial considerations are concerned, we can well afford to wait and watch, not being too hasty in assuming so-called "final" conclusions, for the books of men are no more infallible than men. What is written is written—but if what is written is not true, writing it or saying it doesn't make it so.

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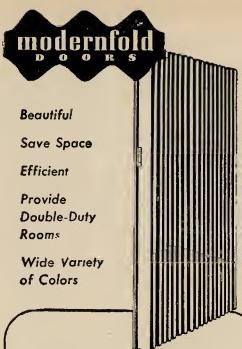
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Lehi in the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)
the older word to designate this particular desert—the Wilderness of Zin. "The term 'wilderness' does not necessarily mean an uninhabitable waste," wrote Kenyon (thus associating the two words as Nephi does), "rather it means a country such as nomads may inhabit, with oases and wadies where crops may be raised."¹²³ So Lehi's wilderness had "more fertile parts" in which survival was possible. (*Ibid.*, 16:16.) The particular waste in which Lehi made his first camp is among the most uninverting deserts on earth; though some observers think the area enjoyed a little more rainfall in antiquity than it does today, all are agreed that the change of climate has not been considerable since prehistoric times—it was at best almost as bad then as it is now.¹²⁴ Even if Lehi took the main southern route down the Arabah, as he very probably did, since it was the direct road to the Red Sea, and a caravan way known to all the merchants, he would be moving through a desert so repelling that even the hardened Bedouins avoid it like the plague. Nor need we look there for any monuments of his passing: "The Egyptians, the Patriarchs, the Jews, the Romans, the Crusaders, and the Arabs all passed over these tracks, and they have given us place-names and no more. Probably in their eyes the country was too detestable to merit further reference. . . ."¹²⁵ Detestable certainly describes the place in the eyes of Lehi's people, who "murmured" bitterly at being led into such a hell.

(To be continued)

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102 Thus from the *Mu'allafat*: Tarafah lines 34, 40f; Iml'ul Qais 46-49; Antarah 25-28; Labid 40-43; W. Ahlwardt, *Sammlungen alter semitischer Dichter* (Berlin, 1903) II, No. iii, 8-9, v. 58-63; viii, 26, 29-30; ix, 10-11, 1-19; xii, 1, 19-21; xx, 9-11, 24-26; xiii, 51-69; xii, 19-21. Other poems are cited in Brockelmann, *Gesch. der arab. Litt.* pp. 10, 16f.

103 The entire section on "Travel" in the *Hamasah* of Abu 'Ishaq (Caleutta, 1856) 206-9, is taken up with the exhaustion and terror of travel in the dark. The mist of darkness is mentioned in nearly all the passages given in our preceding footnote.

104 During November, December, and March there are often sandstorms. "These storms depend upon the wind, and often alternate with intense droughts," Sir Ch. Warren, "Notes on . . . the Country lying between Egypt and Palestine," *PEFQ* 1887, p. 44. At the opposite end of the Arabah, *The Empty Quarter*, p. 96 reports a thin mist descended upon the ground and blotted out the landscape after sunrise." *Id.*, p. 134. "Next morning the . . . air cold and clammy. Everything was

(Continued on page 229)

THE IMPROVEMENT-ERA

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"I could go on and on. The nice thing about it is that my husband fell in love with me all over again. He's so proud he is always taking me places so he can show me off to his friends."

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ON LYING

Without Speaking

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

IT HAS sometimes been assumed that truth pertains only to what one says or writes—that if we give a wrong impression with the right words, we are still within the truth. But words are not the only way of conveying meanings. And whether or not we are truthful depends not only upon the words we use but also upon the intentions we have and the impressions we give. The truth has not been told unless there is an honest transference of thought, and honest conveyance of meaning, regardless of what we say in words. Indeed, the untruth of actions can be more misleading than the untruth of words. A picture or a gesture may tell a thousand lies without a word's being spoken. And what is left unsaid may be more misleading than what is said. It is a relatively easy matter to convict a man of a spoken or a written lie, but it is often difficult to convict him of deliberately making a false impression. We can read words; we can record them, we can define them; we can hear the true or false ring of the voice that speaks

them. But an unspoken lie is an illusive deception. It is akin to the kind of lying a man does when he falsely wears a uniform, which, without his saying so, gives the impression that he is something which he is not. For this kind of false impression there are specific penalties. But for some kinds of false impressions, the penalties are difficult to invoke. Nevertheless, he who acts a lie, he who lives a lie, or he who knowingly permits a deception, is guilty on moral grounds with him who deliberately speaks a lie, because both contrive to mislead the minds of men. To those with many years ahead of them—to youth, especially—let this be said: We are not wholly truthful when we offer a half-truth to anyone who has a right to the whole truth. We are not wholly truthful when we warp facts with words or in any other way. Deception is much more than a mere matter of words. He who falsifies without words is guilty with him who does it with words. And even though the rules of legal evidence may not always be able to hold him accountable, the rules of moral evidence will.

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Lehi in the Desert

(Continued from page 226)

grimed with sand and the sun was feeble in the extreme," p. 183; "A light, clammy northern breeze gently fanned a thick damp mist . . . etc."

¹⁰³Aj.-Ajjai, in Ahwārd, *op. cit.* II, No. i.

¹⁰⁴Arabs shun houses of stone and clay, T. Canaan, in *Jul.Pal.Or.Soc.* 13, p. 37; Jacob, "was honest and dwelt in a tent." A. Jeremias, *Das Alte Testament im Lichte des Alten Testaments*, 1916, p. 316. One is reminded by Lehi's imagery of the great stone houses of the ancient Arabs, veritable skyscrapers, with the windows beginning fifty feet from the ground; at night these would certainly give the effect of being suspended above the earth.

¹⁰⁵Mrs. Lucy M. Smith, *History of Joseph Smith* (Ed. Pressley Nibley, Stevens & Walts, Salt Lake City, 1945) pp. 47-50. These dreams must be considered only in their most general aspects, since Mother Smith is here at an advanced age recalling purely from memory the dream and another person recording it nearly forty years before (see Introduction pp. viii and ix); moreover her constant and devout reading of the Book of Mormon, with whose characters she liked to identify her own people (*Id.* p. 195) may well have influenced her memory after so many years. But certainly the fallen timber is a striking image which may well have been part of the original dream.

¹⁰⁶Thus Al-Bochri, *op. cit.* Brockelmann, *Gesch. ar. Lit.*, p. 88, cf. Lebidi, *op. cit.* 55. "Mādān means both a large, spacious field," and "an ample life" in Arabic.

¹⁰⁷The Arabic Miswāl, Masyal, Masil, or Masi-lah, is a hill water-course, which rolls a torrent during a heavy rain, or, if partially or wholly dry at other seasons—a dry bed winding slowly underground. In England we want the feature, and therefore there is no single word to express it. Our "river" is an imperfect way of conveying it. Sir Richard Burton, *Pilgrimage to Al-Madīnah & Mecca* (London, 1893), I, 250, n. 2. However inadequate our word "river" it is the only one available in the language; hence its use in the Book of Mormon.

¹⁰⁸E.g., Al-Ajjai, in Ahwārd, II, No. i.; Th. Nostitz, *Vetus Canonicum Arabicorum* (Berlin, 1890), p. 111, the last verse of the First Psalm is another example.

¹⁰⁹The eastern wall of the Arabah, down which the southern trade-road ran, is interrupted frequently by such abrupt gorges, or "titan walls, lofty precipices, hanging precipitous basements, and masses full of deep shade," says Burton (*op. cit.* I, 207) describing its southern extension. A famous Egyptian school text of the Ramessid period ("The Travels of an Egyptian") comments with wonder on the "steep mountain, the great height, and depths that the traveler encounters in Palestine.

¹¹⁰In Ahwārd, *op. cit.* III, No. i.

¹¹¹Noeddeke, *op. cit.* p. 95; Brockelmann, *op. cit.* pp. 19, 21; Antarah, 1.6.

¹¹²It was not one to keep silent when the contest of words began, thus of a true leader, cited by Brockelmann, *op. cit.* pp. 6-7. In the Beni Hilāt epic the first requirement of every leader is skillful and inspiring speech.

¹¹³Baldensperger, "Arab Life," *PEFQ* 1925, p. 81.

¹¹⁴Burton, *op. cit.* I, 280.

¹¹⁵W. J. Phythian-Adams, "The Mount of God," *PEFQ* 1930, 1931; Caiger, *Bible and Spade*, p. 5.

¹¹⁶Phibby, *The Empty Quarter*, p. 216.

¹¹⁷W. Albright, in *The Biblical Archaeologist* IX (1946) p. 41.

¹¹⁸Baldensperger, "Arab Life," *PEFQ* 1922, 170f.

¹¹⁹C. L. Woolley and T. E. Lawrence, *The Wilderness of Zin* (London, J. Cape, 1936) p. 34.

¹²⁰Albright, *Archaeology and the Religion of Israel*, p. 101.

¹²¹Diodorus, *Hist. Lib.* XIX, 94-100; cf. Jerem. xix, 31f., noting the great freedom of movement of "the exiles" (not the exiles in Babylon).

¹²²A. Faussen, "L'Invasion chez les Nomades," *Revue Biblique* N.S. 3 (1906), p. 95.

¹²³At this date it is plain that all other routes of escape would be closed; the intimate danger would lie of coming from the north (see, e.g., L. Myers, "God and the Danger of the North" in *Ezekiel*," *PEFQ* 1932, 213ff.), while the south desert remained open to the end; some Jewish settlements there actually "appear to have escaped destruction" altogether, Albright, in *The Biblical Archaeologist* IX (1946) p. 41.

¹²⁴Albright, *op. cit.* p. 51.

¹²⁵*The Improvement Era* 51 (April 1948), 202ff.

¹²⁶Caiger, *Bible and Spade*, p. 188.

¹²⁷See below, notes 150-152.

¹²⁸They were still near the Red Sea when their bows were cut, which could hardly have happened within a year of their departure from Jerusalem; see below, n. 177.

¹²⁹Significant is Margoliouth's suggestion (*Relations betw. Arabs & Israelites*, p. 47), that when Jeremiah (Lehi's contemporary) speaks of them as dwelling in the wilderness, that word may be

(Continued on following page)

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Lehi In The Deseret

(Continued from preceding page)

a general designation for the (Arabian) peninsula of which so much a portion is arid and uncultivated." If this is so, Nephi's "wilderness" is definitely the Arabian Peninsula.

¹²¹In Woolley and Lawrence, op. cit., p. 11.

¹²²A great deal has been written on this subject. We shall content ourselves with a single observation. See, for example, H. C. Beckwith, p. 36: "All our evidence points to the antiquity of present conditions. . . . It is, we think, both natural and correct to assume that at all periods in man's history the southern desert has been very much the desert that it is today."

¹²³Ibid., p. 37.

Mission To Polynesia

(Continued from page 180)

was soon called, and, when she came in, she stood and eyed me with a very suspicious look. When one of her sisters tried to force her to me to shake hands, saying, "That is Pa," she jerked her hand away saying, "It is not," and left the room. Their mother soon came in. She looked quite natural and quite as young as when I left home, being more fleshy now than then. At Winter Quarters she, with the rest of the family, all but the youngest, suffered under severe fits of sickness, and the scurvy deprived her of her upper teeth, and when she talked her voice was unnatural; except for that, I could see no change in her. But the children had all grown entirely out of my recollection, and none of them knew me. I left them June 1, 1843, and now this was the 28th of September, 1848. Such a cruel separation causes emotions that none can know but those who experience it. It was more like the meeting of strangers than the meeting of a family circle.

Writing about the same event, Louisa recorded,

He looked rough and sunburned. None but the eldest daughter recognized him. The others did not seem pleased with his appearance. So much did we seem like strangers that we scarcely knew what to say to each other. . . . The scene evidently affected him as the feelings between him and his children were coincident. It was sad to realize what a change the lapse of years brings, changing forms and features in the domestic circle even to cause estrangement along with separation. Nothing short of the interest and advancement of the kingdom of God could justify so lengthy a separation.

(To be continued)

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Was Iron Known In Ancient America?

(Concluded from page 175)

tailed study revealed that it was not made within the last 200 years.

"Early history of the region does not reveal any mention of a colonial iron furnace or smelter there, the report states. . . .

"Captain Mallery has compared the nails found on the Virginia Folsom site with iron nails dug up at the old Jamestown colonial settlement. They differ markedly in shape, he reports. On the other hand he finds them markedly like the rivets used by Vikings for holding together the oak planks forming the hulls of their boats. They are of a soft iron that could be hammered cold because hot iron would set fire to the wood and make the rivet loose. Similar nails, he says, were recovered from the so-called Oseberg ship which is dated at 600 A.D.

"The finding of this ancient iron opens up the whole question of whether America did have an 'Iron Age' before the Spanish and English colonists brought iron tools and weapons with them to the New World. Archaeologists have long believed that iron was unknown on this continent in pre-Columbian days."

So men of science are still divided, but the evidence is moving toward confirmation of the Book of Mormon statements.

ACCOUNTING

By Marie Henderson Wood

OUR angry words have scoured a loving heart
To leave it sorrowing beyond repair.
Our careless words have left a field of doubt
For idle minds to till and harvest bear.

Too often we have walked our wilful way
Oblivious of thine outstretched guiding hand,
Forgetful that we needed but to pray
To have revealed the powers at our command.

Again we've failed thee, Lord; and yet
we know
That we are loved. We are thy children still;
Bewildered, groping, but receiving, as we go
Thy pardoning grace with all of thy good will.

MARCH 1950



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DON PLATH loves high school basketball. His enthusiasm is reflected in his highly entertaining reports of games and his widely-read "Prep Talks" column. In his 2 years on the sports staff of The Salt Lake Tribune he has seen and reported on 63 high school hoop encounters.

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Give Your Speech A Point

(Concluded from page 181)

ceed to give a speech that proves something else. The result is usually listener confusion.

You may find that when you have discarded all irrelevant and unnecessary material, you have little remaining which you can use. If so, you may, of course, change your objective as you would alter any goal in life that seems impossible of achievement. But if you feel that the theme you have chosen is the best for you and your listeners, your alternative is to gather more material to fill the gaps in your knowledge that have become apparent.

It is obviously to your advantage to set your objective as early in the speech preparation process as you can, for in gathering material you can direct your attention more closely to information that will be pertinent and avoid wasting precious time on material you will be unable to use.

When finally you have organized all the relevant material around the central idea and are ready to give the speech, do not be afraid to tell the audience what your objective is. There is an old formula for making a speech: first, tell your listeners what you are going to tell them, then tell them, and finally tell them what you have told them. Such a rule cannot always be applied, but the principle is sound. It is usually wise, somewhere near the beginning of a speech, to let the audience know what your point is, and at the end, to summarize your ideas, stating your point once more. That is the idea you want your listeners to carry away with them.

Travelers like to know their destination; listeners like to know your intentions. Therefore, for the benefit of both you and your listeners, give your speech a point!



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

These Times

(Concluded from page 162)

the rich Manchurian territory farther north. In 1928 the United States recognized Chiang's government at Nanking as the legal and responsible Chinese government.

When the Japanese utilized Chiang's enemies in the north and in Manchuria to occupy the latter in 1931, President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson refused to recognize the same on the ground that it was a violation of the "territorial integrity of China." Was Manchuria part of China or did it have a "territorial integrity" of its own?

We did not fight over the Manchurian incident of 1931. But when the Japanese occupied islands south of Hong Kong, captured Nanking in 1938, and began to outflank the Philippines, we commenced the policies which led the Japanese to attack Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. So the United States entered World War II in the Pacific theater—to defend the "territorial integrity" of China. We fought the war in Europe as well as Asia; but in Asia, to defend and vindicate Chiang's China from Japanese penetration. Between 1945 and 1950 Chiang lost China to Mao Tse-Tung, fifty-six year-old leader of the Chinese Communists, with whom Chiang has been fighting since 1934. Mao spent the opening weeks of 1950 as the guest of Joseph Stalin in Moscow. Will Russia, who negotiated the first modern treaty with the Chinese emperor in 1689, round out this century as the master of the vast Chinese "empire"? Or will Mao, after the 1911-1950 years of civil war and anarchy, emerge as the founder of a new dynasty?

In the meantime, it is curious to note that the United States poured out its blood and treasure, from 1941-45, to tear down Japan. Now, we are doing everything in our power to build Japan as an American ally and bastion in Asia! Meanwhile, the regime for which we fought the war in Asia expires on Formosa. When Chiang got the "territorial integrity" of China, he couldn't maintain it. Can Mao?

All of which, in these times, recalls Bobbie Burns' remark about "the best-laid plans of mice and men."

CULINARY

By Thelma Ireland

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In turbulent regime.
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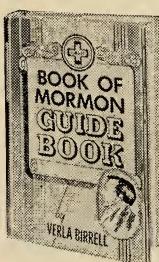
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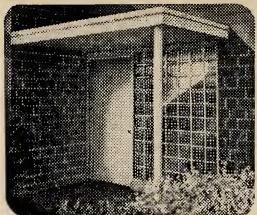
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Pioneering Families Of Joseph Smith's Uncles

(Continued from page 177)

accepted the gospel before Asael and Silas, and he moved to Kirtland three years before his brothers did, and ever thereafter seemed to be called into more activity than his brothers, Asael and Silas. We find him presiding over a branch of the Church in Daviess County, Missouri, in 1838; and a year later he presided over a branch of the Saints in Iowa after having been driven from Missouri. In 1843 John Smith was called to the presidency of a branch near Nauvoo, Illinois. He was ordained a patriarch in January 1844, and in 1849, in Utah, he was set apart to be Patriarch to the Church, a position which he held until he died in Salt Lake City in 1854, at the age of seventy-three. John Smith gave a total of 5,560 blessings. After his removal to Utah, John was called to preside over the Saints in the mountains for one and one-half years, from 1847 to 1848.

Regarding the entry of his uncle, John Smith, into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Prophet seemed greatly pleased to record in his history some interesting details. Under date of May 23, 1833, we read:

My Uncle John Smith and family arrived in Kirtland from Potsdam, New York, my uncle being an elder in the Church; and his wife and eldest son George Albert Smith, a lad of fifteen, were members. They were the first of my father's relatives who obeyed the gospel. (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1.)

It is interesting to note here in 1833 this early recording of that name which has come to be so honored since from generation to generation—George Albert Smith.

Now, after these brief sketches of the lives of the three uncles of the Prophet, arises the natural query, how have the descendants of these three valiant crusaders, Asael, Silas, and John Smith, stood in the affairs of the Church and the communities of the West to this day? Whatever extra interest at-

taches to the name of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, extends to some extent to all who are connected to him by ties of consanguinity. Because of the able and courteous assistance of Edith Smith, historian of the Smith family, herself a granddaughter of Asael Smith, a few highlights on the families of the Prophet's uncles are made available.

Asael Smith, the Prophet's uncle, now has at least eight hundred descendants. Elias Smith, a son, born 1804, came to Kirtland in 1836 with his father. He was then, or immediately thereafter baptized a member of the Church, for soon he was a leading seventy in Kirtland and became the historian of the Kirtland quorum of the seventy in its notable migration en masse to Missouri in 1838. His record of this historic trek is now considered one of the interesting early Church documents, and is extensively quoted in *Documentary History of the Church*, Volume 3.

Because of qualities thus early manifested, Elias Smith was called to further responsibilities. On one occasion he was appointed a member of a committee headed by John Taylor to petition the federal government for redress of wrongs and injuries suffered by the Saints during their lawless expulsion from Missouri in 1838-39. This petition stands on the records of the Church as a dignified and powerful appeal for justice. Elias Smith, furthermore, was managing editor of the *Times and Seasons* in Nauvoo, and later in Salt Lake City he held the same position for *The Deseret News*. For a period he held the appointment as postmaster at Salt Lake City and had the honor of serving as probate judge of Salt Lake County for thirty-two years from 1852 to 1884. His son, Judge Elias Asael Smith, served as a member of the Salt Lake and Liberty stakes high councils for a total of sixty-two years, a record believed to be unequalled in the history of the Church.

The second son of Asael Smith, the Prophet's uncle, was Jesse Johnson Smith, a worthy Kirtland Saint and a member of Zion's Camp which traveled from Ohio to Missouri in 1834 to succor the Church

(Continued on following page)

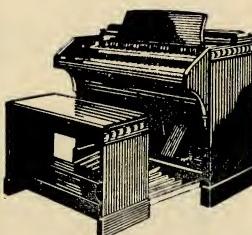


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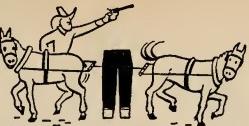
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Pioneering Families Of Joseph Smith's Uncles

(Continued from preceding page)
in Missouri. He died from diseases contracted on this journey.

Another son of Asael Smith was named Silas Smith after his uncle. He came to Utah in 1851 and was one of the early missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands and presided there from 1855 to 1857. In time Silas became a bishop in Provo and the head of a large family.

Another well-known grandson of Asael Smith was the late Elias S. Woodruff, of beloved memory. Serving for many years as bishop of a large ward, he was later called to preside over the Western States and the Central States missions. A successful business man in Salt Lake City, he also served as a member of the Utah state legislature. His son, Asael D., a former member of the faculty of Cornell University, is now dean of the graduate school at Brigham Young University and a member of the Sunday School general board.

Silas Smith, the second of the Prophet's uncles, today is represented by over fourteen hundred names of record. These numerous descendants live largely in Arizona and Colorado. In Arizona they have been prominent members of their communities. Silas S. Smith, son of Silas, was a pioneer of 1847 in Utah, an early missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, and later a farmer in Colorado, where he also served as legislator, judge, and as president of a stake. In the style of the patriarchs of old, he became the father of twenty-two children. Jesse N. Smith, son of this Silas Smith, also became prominent for his activities. At one time presiding over the Scandinavian Mission, he later served as president of two stakes in Arizona. This man, in association with several of the Apostles, helped to establish the colonies of Saints in Mexico in 1885. In this regard, the *Historical Record* records that Jesse N. Smith was a member of a committee headed by Moses Thatcher in 1885 to explore and to purchase for the Saints lands in Mexico. It will be understood that at that time in the United States "a violent persecu-

tion in the courts" flamed against the families of the Saints established under the plural marriage system. Jesse N. Smith doubled the honorable record of his worthy brother, Silas S. Smith, in regard to the number of his sons and daughters, for he was the father of forty-four children, most of whom were prominent in Church work. Another grandson of Silas Smith seems to have remained in the old Lawrence County home of the uncles of the Prophet in New York where he served his community for fifty years as a doctor of medicine. His name was William Curtis Smith.

The family of John Smith, the youngest of the uncles of the Prophet, now counts at least one thousand members. Included in this family are three generations of Apostles, one of whom is the President of the Church. The three generations of Apostles in the family of John Smith begins with George A. Smith, Apostle and also counselor to Brigham Young; then follows George A. Smith's son, John Henry Smith, Apostle and also counselor to Joseph F. Smith; and John Henry's son, George Albert Smith, who after serving as president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, became the eighth President of the Church. The first George A. Smith when only fifteen years old journeyed with his father, John Smith, from their home in Lawrence County, New York, to add his young strength to the infant Church at Kirtland. Soon he was helping to build the temple there. A member of the renowned Zion's Camp and many times a missionary (having preached the first gospel sermon in the world's metropolis, London), he was called to be ordained an Apostle at Far West in 1839 under most dramatic circumstances. Thereafter he became still more active in domestic and foreign missions. He had twenty children.

A pioneer in Salt Lake Valley in 1847 (being the first to plant potatoes there), George A. Smith pioneered later in Utah, Iron, and Washington counties of Utah. In 1854 this ever-busy man was named Church Historian, and thereupon began the compilation of the *Documentary History of Joseph Smith*. Admitted to the bar in 1855, he was immediately elected to the legisla-

(Concluded on following page)

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always milder, and therefore naturally better-tasting. That's why these smaller tuna—and only these smaller tuna—are packed under the Star-Kist Tuna label!



PIONEERING FAMILIES OF JOSEPH SMITH'S UNCLES

(Concluded from preceding page) ture where he continued to serve without a break until his death. When Heber C. Kimball passed away in 1868, George A. Smith was called to be first counselor to President Young. The extreme activity and energy of the man may be gauged by the fact that by 1870, which was five years before his death, he had delivered three thousand, eight hundred sermons. Of him at his funeral, Brigham Young said,

I have known George A. Smith for forty-two years . . . and have believed him to be as faithful a boy and man as ever lived. . . . I have never known of his neglecting or overdoing a duty; he was a man of sterling integrity, a cabinet of history, and always true to his friends.

All this record of achievement had been accomplished in the rela-

tively short span of fifty-eight years.

George A. Smith's son, John Henry Smith, became an Apostle at age thirty-two. He proved himself a most zealous and beloved leader and kindly speaker. Among his living children are George Albert Smith, President of the Church; Winslow Farr Smith, president of the Northern States Mission and later president of the Ensign (Salt Lake City) Stake, and now a stake patriarch. Another son was the late Nicholas G. Smith, mission president in South Africa, California, and Northwestern States; bishop of the Seventeenth Ward, acting Patriarch to the Church, and assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

George Albert Smith, Jr., missionary and at present professor of business administration, Harvard University, graduate school of

business administration of Harvard University, is a son of the present President of the Church.

Thus runs the story of the three faithful uncles of the Prophet, and their interesting families, now exceeding three thousand in number. As we look back for a moment to grandfather Asael Smith in Lawrence County, New York, and recall what these three sterling sons of his, together with their brother, Joseph Smith, Senior, have meant to the planting and the propagating of the restored gospel tree, we should give prophetic grandfather Asael Smith, who had joyfully embraced the glad new message in the Book of Mormon, pointing the way before his sons, the signal honor as an Abraham to the Church of the Latter-days. And Mary Duty Smith shall stand by his side, honored as the first Sarah in modern Israel.

Missionaries Who Left for Field January 18

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JANUARY 9, AND DEPARTING JANUARY 18, 1950

Reading from left to right:

First row: Juan Joseph Allred, Jerald Edward Burrap, Elizabeth J. Tueller, Margaret Wanda Loose, Sharon Vandeburgh, Dou C. Colton, Duran Shadley, Charles E. Elie Isabelle Bird, Mersed Day, Russell Max Kinsleas.

Second row: John E. Jackson, M. Magroth Merrill, Ruth Lind, Fern E. Carlow, Beverly Love, Eva Miller, Marva Lou Jenkins, Grover L. Winkler, Gar C. Peck, Frederick Loereth, Duane B. Herberg.

Third row: Ronald Thomas, Ray Edgar Paskett, Iran Roy Hill, Thayer DeVere Payne, LaMar James Ashby, Frederick Wm. Barthel, Lorenzo C. Allen, Gerald Lewis, Winford L. Jones, Arno Dean Bassett, and Louis H. Johnson.

Fourth row: Dorrell Painter, William Self, Richard Togart, Key Edrington, Lynn M. John, J. Verl Rees, LaVon Evans, Ruth Cluff, Lois E. Walker, Vivian Hussey, Erlene L. Benning.

Fifth row: Stanley Johnson, Ralph Anderson, Gunter Neumann, Don Ricks, Colvin Cridle, Her-

bert Newell Morris, Ralph Lynn Allred, Claude M. Denslow, Byron Boyd Muir, John Holdaway, Phyllis Redd, Walter L. Hogan.

Sixth row: Murry Matthews, Lory Poulsen, LaMar Fordham, Kenneth Hansen, Farrell John Roberts, Jr., Ray C. Huffaker, Milton Hansen Larson, Allen Mickelsen, LaVera E. Clawson, Dick J. Hunter, Robert H. Hansen.

Seventh row: Donald E. Hickern, Bruce J. Hyman, Robert L. Stebbing, J. Robert West, Richard Neil Ord, Robert Earl Lee, Louis R. Jackson, William Parley McElroy, Gordon O. Nalder, George Fairbank, Kathleen Nelson.

Eighth row: Vern Arthur Carter, Glenn A. Jorgenson, Robert M. Horner, Franklin A. Fowler, DeVaughn Petersen, Orson A. Boyce, Marshall S. Decker, LeRoy W. Fitzzell, Kenneth A. Starling.

Ninth row: John W. Johnson, John C. Tonge, Alan Dale Marchant, Don K. Griffiths, William R. Boren, Vern Anderson, Grant Cheal, O. Karl Adams.

Tenth row: Ross Adams, Delaine Henry Green, LeGrande J. Heaton, Brian J. Mottishaw, Jed Pritchett, Ralph E. Jensen, Joseph W. Witt, Jr., Leonard D. Burbank.

Eleventh row: Wayne Brierley, Clarence Stensrud, Rocco J. Bills, Danford C. Bickmore, Jared Yates Headwood.

Twelfth row: John Bergstedt, F. Dean McMahon, Byron H. Allred, Robert Froelich, Earl B. Kern, Lloyd D. George, David Barton, Parley Otis Rose, Marvin E. Brown.

Thirteenth row: James Olsen, Willard O. Winger, Theodore M. Robertson, Ralph H. Kimball, Henry Moyle, Bill B. Webb, Robert D. Stagg, Hoover W. Clark.

Fourteenth row: Allen J. Hendrickson, Maynard Guiter, Boyd L. Culimore, Lee L. Thompson, John A. Udy, Richard A. Asay.

Fifteenth row: Don Warner, Kenneth Nielsen, Dick Sperry, Ken Young, Ken Jones, Elden Lott, Glen Larson, Harrell M. Gillens, Rulon N. Smithson.

Sixteenth row: Dole Warner, Lyle Hurd, Glenn Wardrop, Keith Tucker, Gordon Anderson, Charles Greer, Robert Lemberg.

Seventeenth row: Gail E. Dyrang, Harry L. Tarr, Jr., Victor Leo Isfeld, Loren Hills Johnson, Jacques G. Pruh, Arnold A. Paskett, Forest A. Hansen.



"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES"

(Concluded from page 195)
were pecked into the surface of rocks.

On one of the walls of Hava Supai Canyon we found a petroglyph of a man and a prehistoric animal. It is well known that elephants, camels, horses, and mastodons were here in comparatively recent times and that dinosaurs roamed this continent evidently at the time our great coal deposits were being laid down by vegetation, but the belief that man lived contemporaneously with these animals, or some of them, is not so well established and accepted.

The writer photographed some of these petroglyphs and will present them herewith. One, that of an elephant or tapir-like animal and a man, is very old, quite crude, but

has been accepted by some of the best scientists. The elephant is but seven and one-half inches high and ten inches long, not including its trunk. It is well known that the La Brea tar pits of Los Angeles have produced many excellent skeletons of prehistoric elephants.

Near this elephant picture is one of a dinosaur. This picture is sharp in outline and more definite in form than that of the elephant. It is a little larger, being eleven inches high, and the tail is about nine inches. There are many evidences that dinosaurs and prehistoric animals have lived in Utah and Arizona. Our coal mines have produced a great many footprints, some of which are in our museums. There are some very fine footprints in the sand rock near Tuba City, about

one hundred miles due east of Hava Supai.

Another petroglyph of one of the elephant family is found about three and one-half miles down the Colorado River below Moab, Utah, pecked onto a sandstone ledge. This one is called a mastodon; it is about fourteen inches high and forty-two inches long. The workmanship is very old and well defined.

Our conclusion is that man and the prehistoric animals must have lived at the same time, for man could not make a picture of an elephant or a mastodon if he had not seen one, and while the Indian drawings are crude, they are usually accurate enough to identify the object which they wished to portray.

Missionaries Who Left for Field February 1

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME
JANUARY 23, AND DEPARTING FEBRUARY 1, 1950

Reading from left to right, first row: David S. Smith, Reva A. Rowley, Kenneth Adams, Bernard D. Beckstrom, Marlene Roberts, Don B. Carlton, director; La Nez Moses, Betty N. Newey, Elma M. Walker, Pearl Koyle, Susan B. Walsh.
Second row: Leed Anderson, Ronald Bigelow, Douglas Brumley, Gordon Clegg, Kirt Bigelow, D. Douglas Cozzens, Alida M. Grover, Josephine Litchfield, Zelma Dahl, Frederick Matthews Zougg, Kenneth Wayne Garner, Darrell Webb Bickmore.
Third row: Davis Lewis, Sterling B. Focke, Billie Mark, Jeanne Ivan, Helen H. Hensley, Ruth Rogers, Seth N. Owens, M. G. Leavitt, I. M. Jones, G. Stephen Leid, Vincent A. Birch, Dennis H. Atkin, Clarice Kendall.
Fourth row: Daryl Price Pernoud, Errol Johnson, Sam D. Miller, Jackman G. Poulsen, Ira L. Hallen, Rex L. Smith, Betty H. Wood, Don Treagaskis, Leon Stors, Ruth Quinton, Hazel Fawns, Rachel Marshall, Morris W. Heiner.

Fifth row: Lowell Allred, Denton H. Coleman, Dale G. Kilburn, Leonard D. Carlson, H. Glen Poulsen, Ira H. Todd, Joseph Hebbard, Jack Pope, Donald R. Larson, George R. Rees, Royce Steen.
Sixth row: Bryan Kent Carter, Clinton D. Higgins, Wayne Peterson, Paul R. Green, Thydies O. Hansen, Grant C. Medrum, Harold E. Cardwell, Lois Larsen, Clinton John Hunt, Wesley Dale Connell, Eric W. Lindblom, Gerald L. Wight, David L. Bollantyne.

Seventh row: Joseph Johnson, Chester R. Kanz, Lester C. Johnson, R. L. Salter, Roy Carbine, William S. Tanner, Robert Sumbat, Jean Snader, Shirley Griffith, Hilda V. Touchstone, William D. Shelton, A. Maynard Ware, Arthur G. Gerber.

Eighth row: Korma Read, Robert Reidhead, John E. Riddle, John J. Delis, Casper, D. Rex Shepherd, Don W. McEntire, Vern L. Marble.

Ninth row: Flora Christiansen, David Borcay, Gordon Anderson, Richard Capps, Arthur K. Bullock, Pearl E. N. Bullock, Grant Belnap, Colvin L. Hatch,

Clark Mortenson, Claude L. Duncan, Porley Pratt Robison, Carl G. Randall.

Tenth row: Charles Barrett, John Wilcox, Dean Carter, John Joy, Fred William Reiter, Stevens,

Keith S. Warren, J. Gordon Wiser, Reed Clayton.

Eleventh row: Ross Shelton, J. F. Shimway, J. E. Torman, Richard Hedman, Keith Tenney, Ronald K. Gygi, H. Hal Visick, Gerald G. Steorts.

Twelfth row: Ivan C. Campbell, John Watterson,

Elmer Bowes, J. Kenneth Higgins, Jr., Boyd R.

Lusk, Herald Grant Heaton, Marcus M. Holmgren,

Eugene H. Pusey, Uriel Swenson, Melvin R. Day.

Thirteenth row: Raymond Parkinson, William S.

Horlacher, Ralph B. Sperry, Jr., Jim Dee McFerson,

LaGrand Mouritzem, Elmer David Reynolds, Bruce

McGinnon, Richard Nuckler.

Fourteenth row: W. Clark, Gorthe H. Lloyd,

Martin F. Pond, Holvey Griffin, James Thomas, Gene

Edwards, Harley Jensen.

Fifteenth Row: Joy W. Merrill, Glen Hardy

White, George Vain Snyder, Sterling Lee Purser,

Ross Seth Bryce.



Your Page AND OURS

"Speak the Speech"

LINE is a word that has something like fifty usages, and yet with all this latitude, the word is abused in at least two ways. Sometimes we say that a person has a good *line*, meaning an ability to talk easily but deceptively; the dictionary classifies this usage as slang. In another sense the word *line* is used for *profession* or *field*. Sometimes we say, incorrectly, "Oh, yes, he is good in public speaking; that is his *line*." The dictionary does not authorize the use of *line* in this sense.—M. C. J.

♦ ♦ ♦
New York, N. Y.

WHILE I have the opportunity, I would like to thank THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and the Myton Ward for sending me the magazine, otherwise I might never have discovered how fine a magazine the Church produces, and would not have known how much I really miss the Church, and my friends while I am in the service.

Sincerely,
Duane B. Hatch
U.S.S. Shenandoah

Warner Robins, Ga.

I am a convert to the Church. I'm so thrilled over the teachings of this Church I want to learn all I can about it. Thank you for the wonderful IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Sincerely yours,
H. W. Bearden

Bluefield, W. Va.

I LOVE the ERA very much and really use it to a great advantage, and so I feel very good in lending it to our investigators and even getting them to subscribe for it.

Elder E. L. Jackman

Blackfoot, Idaho

PLEASE send me THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for another year. This magazine has been a great help to me during the many years of my life that I have taken it, also the Young Women's Journal which preceded it in the Mutual Association. I am now almost eighty-three years old, and still I feel I can't get along without this very valuable magazine. I thank you for all your help.

I am your friend,

Martha C. Porter

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DR. JOSEPH T.
KINGSBURY

ON page 97 of the February ERA, we printed a photograph of Joseph Corrondon Kingsbury as a former president of the University of Utah instead of his son, Joseph Thomas Kingsbury.

Joseph T. Kingsbury, president of the university, was born at East Weber, Weber County, Utah, November 4, 1853, began his higher education at University of Deseret and Cornell University, and obtained his Ph. B. A. M., and Ph. D. degrees from Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois. In 1878 he became instructor in chemistry at the University of Utah and was later called to the chair of chemistry and physics. In 1897 he became president.

Today his name is perpetuated on the campus by Kingsbury Hall, which is the auditorium of the university.

Joseph C. Kingsbury, was an early stalwart of the Church in Kirtland and Nauvoo and was a pioneer of 1847. He was once bishop of the Salt Lake City Second Ward and was later a patriarch.

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Definite

A young boy was asked by his neighbor whether he would like to go to the ball game. "Go and ask your father, Bill," said the neighbor.

"Nope," said Bill. "I'll have to ask Mom. Dad says she wears the 'can'ts' in our family."

A Difference

A man was once asked the difference between a mirror and a woman.

"A woman speaks without reflecting, and a mirror reflects without speaking," he replied.

A lady interrupted him by asking, "And does the gentleman know what the difference is between himself and the same mirror?"

He could not answer.

"Well, the mirror is 'polished' and the gentleman is not."



SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE
SOFTBALL CHAMPIONS

With the close of the basketball season in the M. I. A. thoughts are again turning to softball as an outdoor activity of the priesthood quorums. Here are pictured the winners of the South Carolina Stake receiving their trophy as champions of one of the youngest and largest area stakes in the Church. From left to right: John B. Braddock, Kenneth Winburn, James D. Petty, stake athletic officer presenting the trophy, Charles J. Huggins, Olden Keith, John T. Braddock, Henry Keith, Leland O'Neal, Gene T. Petty, George W. Petty, Alford E. Petty, Glenn Segars, Helmuth Norton, and Raymond Threatt were absent when the picture was taken.



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2. New-Car Mileage! Gasoline mileage for the last 5,000 miles of the run was as good as for the first 5,000 . . . actually there was an average difference for the fleet of only 4/100 of a mile per gallon. Proving that Conoco Super Motor Oil—with proper crankcase drains and regular care—can keep your new car new.



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